SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. 59. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom St. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879. $3.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 18.

OF FAST DELIGHT.

BY M. O. B.

Where are the dreams of the days gone by,
The hopes of honor, the glancing play
Of fire-new fancies that filled our sky,
The songs we sang in the middle May,
Carol and ballad and roundelay?
Where are the garlands our young hands twined
Life's but the memory, well-a-way!
All else flits past on the wings of the wind.

Where are the ladies fair and high—
Maria and Alice, and Maud and May,
And merry Madge with the laughing eye—
And all the gallants of yesterday
That found us merry and held us gay?
Under the mould we must look to find
Some; and the others are worn and gray;
All else flits past on the wings of the wind.

I know of nothing that lasts—not I,
Save a heart that is true to its love alway—
A love that is won with tear and sigh
And never changes or fades away,
In a breast that is oftener sad than gay;
A tender look and constant mind—
These are the only things that stay:
All else flits past on the wings of the wind.

ENVOI.

Prince, I counsel you, never sigh
For the hopes that the years have left behind.
Look you have love when you come to die!
All else flits past on the wings of the wind.

SAVED FROM THE WATERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CECIL'S MISTAKE,' ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

HOW terribly he missed his father during the first days after the funeral none can tell, save those to whom similar bereavement has been sent—the loss of a much-loved father, who was also chiefest earthly friend and closest companion. They had been so much to each other, that father and son—they had loved each other so entirely—they had been, especially during the last year or so, all in all to each other so completely—that, when the one was taken, it seemed to the other as if all were lost, and life was a blank henceforward. The Alfords were kindness itself; they tried to induce Dick to go away, or to come to them until the first shock was over; but all their entreaties and persuasions were unavailing. He stayed at Pentern, devoting himself body and mind to his work there, and exposing himself so recklessly to excessive fatigue that Charlie ventured to remonstrate; but Dick only laughed and went on his way.

And shortly after Mr. Beresford died, the *Court Journal* contained the following announcement, which Dick read by his solitary fireside—

"A marriage is on the *tapis* between Lord George Clowes and Miss Barclay. His lordship is the eldest son of the Earl of Fordstree, and is in his twentieth-ninth year; the young lady is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Sir George Barclay, and has almost attained her twenty-first birthday."

Dick smiled bitterly as he read it; the two years had expired—the two years at the end of which she was to come back to him. In a few days she would be of age, and free to do as she liked; but, in the little tender note of condolence she had written to Dick, there had been no word of her return, no hint that her promise was remembered. She had taken him at his word; he had told her she was not to consider herself bound to him, and she had not done so.

Dick put aside the paper and looked around him. He was in the library—in the room where he had told her of Harry Lemaine's love, where he had held her in his arms, where she had wept upon his breast. He almost expected to see her there, so clearly could he recollect all that had passed, so plainly could he remember the troubled tearful face, the touch of her clinging hands, the wet cheek lying against his breast. Rising from his seat by the fire, he went to the writing table and wrote to her, wishing her all happiness; and when he had finished the letter he folded and slipped it into its cover. Then, with a sudden gesture and half choked sob, he crossed over to the window and threw it open. It was a wild wet night, and Dick leaned out of the casement, feeling as if he were stifled, and grasping for breath. All that day he had been out on Tippoo, and had come in drenched to the skin, too dispirited and restless to care or think; but now even the cold night air was powerless to cool the burning heat of his brow or the throbbing pain in his temples. Exhaustion, over-fatigue, and exposure had done their work; he turned faint and giddy, and, staggering, fell into a chair by a window in a state of semi stupor that was but the beginning of a severe attack of rheumatic fever, which, though it spared his life, reduced him to a state of weakness and debility from which at first Doctor Meadows hardly dared to hope that he would rally.

It was some weeks before he could manage to creep round the farm, with the help of Charlie's arm, looking so gaunt and haggard that he was but the ghost of his former self; and Belle Alford could discern many a silver thread in the dark curling beard, many a wrinkle on the broad white brow, while the servants and the laborers said among themselves that the Squire had taken his father's death sadly to heart, and Mr. Jerman, the bailiff, shook his head gravely, and wondered, with a shrewd suspicion of the truth of the case nevertheless, and an openly-expressed opinion that the sight of Miss Marjory's blue eyes would do him more good than even Doctor Meadow's daily visit.

CHAPTER VIII., AND LAST

IT is the afternoon of a fair October day; the month is nearly over, and its dying glories have colored the earth with the most beautiful red and brown and russet hues. The days are shortening a little, and the evenings are chilly; but generally the weather is mild enough, and the air during the daytime is soft and balmy.

Dick has come in from his morning rounds, thoroughly fatigued, and has thrown himself on the couch in the library to rest. The fineness of the day has tempted him to prolong his usual stroll, and now he is paying the penalty in perfect exhaustion and its attendant dejection. His ill-health and the utter prostration of his great strength have tried Dick Beresford greatly; and, struggle as he may against his depression, he cannot shake off his low spirits and extreme lassitude.

As he lies back on the deep old-fashioned sofa, his head resting wearily back on his cushion, and his eyes closed, his face is unutterably sad; and his hands, once so strong, are white emaciated, and delicate as a woman's might be. Lying there, the recumbent position induces first a day dream; and then a troubled slumber steals over him, which gradually subsides into a more tranquil sleep; so that, when the door is opened softly, he does not move or see who has ventured into his sanctum without the formality of a knock. The intruder is a fair young girl, in soft black draperies, and a black ribbon in her golden hair. Marjory—for it is she—comes in softly, hesitates a moment, and then crosses the room, and stands by the sofa, scanning the worn haggard face, with intense love and tenderness shining in her blue eyes, which fill with unshed tears as she gazes, and the fair face grows very sad and pitiful. She turns away, and for a moment bows her head upon her hands, sending up one quick petition to Heaven for Dick, for his health, for his happiness. Then she sits down by the table, with her hands loosely folded in her lap, and watches him with her "heart in her eyes," and now and then a quiver of the tender mobile lips. Suddenly, as she sits there, a letter lying at her elbow attracts her attention; it is directed to herself, and, with a quick unhesitating gesture, Marjy draws it towards her and opens it. As she reads it, she grows very pale, the large tears well up slowly to her eyes and fall unheeded on the paper, blotting poor Dick's few tender words of congratulation on her engagement to Lord George Clowes—words which he had written on that night of his illness, striving to make them cheerful, so as not to shadow her happiness, but which have a chord of sadness underlying them that Marjy is at no loss to guess at the pain he was suffering when he wrote them.

"How could you think of me so, dear?" she murmurs softly, as she presses her lips to the paper. "How could you think that, having loved you once, I could ever cease to love you?"

She smiles through her tears, as she replaces the letter in its envelope; and, leaving the table, she draws a stool beside the sofa and sits down quietly waiting.

Half an hour slips by—an hour passes—the old clock in the hall strikes three, and then four; but Dick does not awake; and the watcher sits there still untiring, with almost a mother's love, almost a mother's pity on her sweet pale face.

At last there is the sound of a long weary sigh, and Dick moves his head on the cushion; then his eyes slowly unclose, and his glance falls on Marjory, who is trembling a little now, and very pale. He looks at her for a moment vacantly; then his eyes close again, and he falls back, covering his face with one thin hand.

"I am dreaming," he says half aloud. "I fancied Marjy was here."

"Marjy is here, Dick," she says softly, kneeling down beside him. "Have you nothing to say to her? Are you not glad to see her?"

"Marjory!" he says faintly, with quivering lips, and such shaking hands that the girl catches them both in hers and bows her head upon them for a moment in silence to gain time to conquer her own emotion as well as to let his subside. Then she raises her face to his—such an April face of smiles and tears; and, still holding his hand in hers, she says, with tender reproach—

"Ill and unhappy, and not to let me know! Why did you not send for me, Dick?"

"How could I tell that you would come?" he says with a sad wistfulness, parting her hair on her forehead with her trembling fingers. "You did not even write for so long—you did not write, Marjy, to tell me"—a long pause here—"of your engagement."

"That alone should have proved to you that there was no truth in it," she answers, trying to speak firmly; and, suddenly breaking down, she hides her face on his shoulder. "Oh, Dick, how could you doubt me? My love is greater than yours; for I never doubted you."

"Marjory," he says, with a strong effort overcoming his emotion, "are you mocking me? Have you really come back to me because you love me still, or have you come out of pity?"

But Marjory's little white hand is pressed to his lips, and she lifts her blue eyes to his.

"I have come back to you because I love you," she says softly. "I have come back to you because I cannot be happy without your love. My dearest," she adds tenderly, drawing his face down to hers, "you are ill and unhappy, or you would have trusted me as entirely as I have trusted you."

"How could I?" he questions, with almost a sob, as he rests his head against her and lifts the little hands to his lips.

"Dick," says Marjory, trying to laugh, "do you think that any newspaper in the world would have made me believe you false? I could scold you heartily, but that you look only fit to be petted just now. Wait till you are strong again, and I will punish you as you deserve. Meanwhile I want to hear you say that you are glad to see me, and that I am not so unwelcome as I seem."

Dick's voice fails him; but Marjory has no need of a verbal answer as he draws her to his breast and kisses her golden hair and soft throat which are all that her little hands, hiding her face, allow him to have access to; and with the kisses come one or two tears.

Then, when he is calmer and lying back, with one hand, against which her cheek rests, clasped in hers, and the sweet eyes with the love-light in their depths raised to his, she tells him how at last she has induced her father to believe that she will never care for any one but Dick, and that, finding her resolve unalterable, he has given in at last, and consents, if Dick will have her, to let her be his wife.

"Will you have me, Dick?" says Marjory, smiling at this juncture. "Lady Barclay came down with me, and she will take me back if you don't care to keep me."

She tells him too of the pain with which she had seen her engagement announced in the *Court Journal*, and of her earnest hope that he would not see it; that both her father and Lord George had wished that it might be so, but that both had forgiven her for being true to her "old love."

And Dick has also many things to say to her in his low languid tones, which have lost their sadness during the last happy hour. He tells her of his loneliness, and of his visit to London, of his glimpse of her at Mrs. Alford's, and how he had seen her often with Lord George Clowes, and had concluded that the report of her engagement to him must be true. Then she questions him gently about his father's death, breaking down into a passion of tears when he tells her his father's almost last words had been, "She will come back to you, Dick."

"He judged me more truly than you did," she says. "Oh, Dick, if I could have been here before it was too late!"

"But indeed, dear," she says after a time, "Lord George knew of my affection for you. I told him myself; so that he could not blame me; but he hoped, like papa, that I would forget you. I could hardly expect them to look upon me as constant when you did not. Oh, Dick, I never thought for a moment that you did not think I would come! I felt that you must know how I was longing to come to you when I heard of your trouble; and it seemed to me that its bitterness was doubled to both of us, because we could not bear it together. And all the time, when my heart was full of you, my dearest and best, you were trying to put me out of yours, and had actually written to congratulate me on my engagement. Oh, Dick!"

"Will you not forgive me, my darling?" he says wistfully. "My punishment has almost equalled my offence."

"That is what hurts me," she answers, with a sudden movement of passionate tenderness, as she hides her face on his breast to conceal the tears which she can restrain no longer in her sorrow for suffering legible on his face. "That is what hurts me, Dick. I wish—I wish I could bear it for you!"

"My generous little darling!" Dick murmurs fondly, with his tender hand on her bright hair. "My Marjory, thank Heaven, still!"

There is a long happy silence, which Dick breaks at last.

"Are you sure you will never repent marrying a broken down man, old enough to be your father, dearest child?" he says softly, with a little touch of pathos in his deep tender tones. And the swift upward glance at him of Marjory's blue eyes, and the close clasp of her little hands, is sufficient answer; for Dick is at rest.

* * * * *

"Did I tell you that mamma was with me, Dick," says Marjory, when all is told and Dick is lying back on the cushions looking inexpressibly and perfectly happy, with his eyes fixed lovingly on the young girl as she stands before the fire watching the flames curl up round the letter of congratulation on her engagement, which she has committed to them.

"Lady Barclay! Oh, what will she think? How very rude to have left her so long alone!" exclaimed Dick, in dismay.

"I am afraid she will have a very bad opinion of her embryo son-in-law and his manners," says Marjory saucily.

"I am afraid she will indeed, love! Where is she?"

"In the dining-room with Mrs. Meadows," answers Marjory. "Doctor Meadows came with us, Dick; he seemed rather anxious, I thought. I don't know whether he thought you would want his care, or whether I should!"

"How, my dearest?" asks Dick, smiling.

"He thought perhaps that you might be

overcome with horror at sight of me," Marjory replies gaily, "or that, if you turned me out, I might faint. I might have fainted," she adds smiling, "but I should not have gone. I would have sat down under the porch where I used to sit and wait for you, and waited until I made you love me again; and, if I could not have done that, I——"

She hesitates, smiling still, but with her face touched with a deeper feeling than either her smile or her speech expresses.

"Well, go on, Marjy," says Dick curiously.

"I should have gone away and died of a broken heart," Marjory replies, smiling through two large tears which stand in her blue eyes.

"As I nearly did," is the low spoken answer; and Marjory springs to his side again.

"Now we must go to mamma," she says. "Dick, you will love her, will you not? She is so good and kind to me. My own mother, had she lived, could not have been kinder."

"Of course I shall love her, dear; but does she not hate me for taking you away?"

"Not quite," says Marjory laughingly. "Julia is coming out' you know. And she is very pretty, prettier even than I am—you see I am getting conceited, Dick—so it will be a pleasant duty to chaperone her."

"It is to be hoped she will prove more amenable and alive to her own interests than you have been, Marjy," he answers, with a loving glance at her.

"She could not," the girl asserts. "I chose the truest, noblest, best—I won't hold my tongue, sir—truest, noblest, best man I ever knew; she can do no better, Dick. It is of no use gainsaying me. You are mine now, and no one shall praise or blame you but myself."

"And now shall we go to mamma?" Dick asks, when he has answered this mutinous little speech in a very satisfactory manner.

"Will it tire you to come?" Marjory asks, with a pretty tender anxiety in her blue eye. "Are you quite sure it won't? Because, if it will, she shall come to you here; but I want to keep this little den of yours sacred to ourselves. It has brought back so many pleasant recollections to me," she adds softly. "I have been so often scolded here. It was here I told you, or at least tried to tell you, why I did not love Harry Lemaine; it was here I found you again to day, Dick; it must be my den as yours. You will let me come here sometimes?"

"We must brighten it up, and make it a fit cage for my birdie," he says fondly.

"I think I like it best as it, Dick," she rejoins. "Shall we go, then, dear? You are quite sure that you are not tired? Lean on me."

"My darling, I am almost quite strong again," Dick says, laughing, as he throws his arm over her shoulder to assist him. "You are very determined to make an invalid of me, Marjory."

"I think Doctor Meadows frightened me," answers Marjory laughingly. "But he told me"—a tremor shook her sweet voice here, and she pressed her head against him fondly—"how near death you had been. Oh, thank Heaven that you have not been taken from me!"

And then, with his arm lightly on her shoulder, not because he needs the assistance, but because it makes her happy to assist him, they go down the long passage together, and enter the old parlor—into which Dick carried her in his arms long years before, calling her his "treasure trove," where they find Doctor and Mrs. Meadows, and Lady Barclay, who comes up to him with outstretched hands and a sweet cordial greeting.

"We give you our eldest child with all confidence, Mr. Beresford. She has never quite been ours, for her heart was always yours."

And Richard Beresford stoops over the pretty hands with that chivalrous courtesy of his which Marjory likes so well; and, as he thanks her, Lady Barclay does not wonder at the deep love and trust in Marjory's eyes—he looks so really worthy of it.

* * * * *

About three weeks after this there was a very quiet wedding at Druroe church. Sir George and Lady Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. Alford, Doctor Meadows and his wife were the only guests.

The bridegroom was a tall stately-looking man with deep earnest dark eyes, slightly grizzled hair with a face pale and worn, but lit up with an expression of perfect love and joy. The bride was a golden-haired girl in the prime of youth and beauty, whose eyes as they met her husband's, shone with intense reverence and true affection, while his glance at her was full of love and trust, which boded well for the happiness of both.

As they turned from the altar, man and wife now, united not merely by the outward bonds, but by the closer ties of mutual love and perfect faith, a few spectators recognized them both.

The bridegroom was Dick Beresford, the bride was the girl whom eighteen years before, "he had "saved from the waters," his "treasure trove;" and, as the onlookers glanced from his face, pale and hollow eyed still, but radiant with his happiness and joy, to the sweet tremulous face of his fair young wife, they thought that the prospect before them was a bright one, and said softly to themselves, "Heaven speed them both on the voyage of life, and bring them to the haven where they would be!"

The Fox-Wood Flame.

BY R. W. R.

OUT in the far West, Luke Eastman built his cabin many years ago. Neighbors there were but few; and often for days together he saw not one of his own race, except the members of the family. The great wilderness was almost unbroken and untrod, except by the feet of the savages who claimed these wilds as their own, and consequently were jealous of the encroachments of the whites.

Eastman had done his best to keep on good terms with them, but this he had found it impossible to do at all times. They looked upon him with distrust and suspicion of his best intentions; and he knew not how soon his cabin might be burned above his head, and his wife and children butchered in cold blood. To guard against this, he had a hiding-place prepared to which they could flee on the first approach of danger.

Close behind his cabin there was a high, rocky knoll; and at the foot of this he had discovered a small cavern. The entrance to it was hidden by a mass of vines and bushes, so that it was only by chance that he had found it. He had taken pains to train the vines in such a manner that they served the purpose still better; and he was satisfied that none but the sharpest eyes could ever discover it.

One day in early summer, as he was at work in the edge of the forest, some little distance from the cabin, he was surprised by the appearance of an Indian girl who had approached him so quietly that she was within a few feet of him before he was aware of her presence. He had seen her several times before, and once had saved her life.

Drawing into the rapids above the Great Falls, which lay some distance down the river, she would have been carried over in her canoe, and engulfed in the angry waters below, had it not been for the strength which he put forth to save her. Springing into the water at the risk of his own life, he had brought her safely to the shore. Since that time he had seen her once or twice; and although the subject had not been mentioned between them, he knew well the grateful feelings she had for him. He welcomed her with a smile, and laying down the axe, asked her to accompany him to the cabin.

"The Indian girl cannot go to the lodge of the paleface," she answered. "It would not be well for her to be seen there to day."

And she cast a furtive glance about her, as though she feared that some one might be watching her movements at that moment.

"And why not?" asked the settler in surprise. "What harm could there be in it?"

"Much. There is danger for the paleface near at hand. Some of the red-men mean to take his life, perhaps to-night. The Indian maiden remembers how the white man saved her life, and she has come to warn him."

Once more she glanced apprehensively about her, while a troubled look came upon the face of the settler.

"Why is this?" he asked. "What have I done that they should do me harm?"

"Nothing. But my people hate your race, and would burn you all to death."

"What can I do? How can I escape the danger, and save myself and loved ones?" he said, as the troubled look upon his face deepened.

"Cannot the paleface escape, if he knew when the danger is coming?"

"Perhaps so, if I only knew when the danger is coming."

"The Indian maiden will tell him that. When the night has come, let him look well towards the great oak on the hill yonder. If he sees the pale flame of the fox wood glowing out from there, he may know that there is danger close at hand. Let him look well to it, if he would live."

As she said this she turned and glided away, and in a moment more was lost to sight in the depths of the forest. Eastman stood for a few instants gazing at the spot where she had stood; and then, shouldering his axe, he hurried to his cabin.

Arrived there, he told his wife of the warning he had received, and at once began to make his preparations to ward off the danger that menaced them, if possible.

Slowly the afternoon passed away; and at last the dusky shadows of night spread themselves over wood and clearing, lake and river. Then the eyes of the occupants of the cabin were fixed upon the dome-like branches of the great oak upon the hill. Slowly the minutes told themselves into hours, and they saw nothing of the signal which had been agreed upon. Had the Indian girl failed them, or was the danger averted for that night?

Not knowing how the case might be, they dared not take their eyes from the tree, waiting for, yet fearing to see, the signal.

At last it appeared, and at the sight a thrill went through them as though they had received a shock. At first it was so pale that they thought it must be a star shining through the branches of the tree. But it grew larger and larger, as though more of the surface of the fox-wood was being turned towards them. A full flame seemed to spring from it, at one time glowing brightly, and then fading away. There was no mistaking it now. It was the signal the Indian girl had promised to give.

Luke Eastman turned to his wife and children, who stood trembling beside him.

"Come," he said; "there is not a moment to lose. Let us hide in the cavern as soon as we can."

Out into the darkness they went, making fast the door of the cabin behind them. In a little time they were snugly ensconced in the cavern, and there they waited for the coming of the enemy.

Close to the entrance, holding his wife by his side, Luke Eastman stood peering out into the night through a little aperture he had made in the vines, which had fallen back again in their place after the entrance. From where he stood he could see the cabin plainly, as the stars were shining brightly, and he thought he would have no difficulty in seeing the savages when they should approach. And thus he stood and waited.

The minutes passed slowly on, and nearly an hour had elapsed since they had taken up their station there. Then the settler saw a shadowy figure creeping towards the cabin. Another and another followed, until he had counted five. The suspense of their coming was ended at last.

He heard them try the door, and soon after one of them demanded the admittance. Of course there was no answer from within, and then the demand was angrily repeated. A moment after, and with a cry of baffled rage, they threw themselves against the door. It was a strong one, and being well fastened, they did not force it. Still, Eastman doubted not that they would succeed at length, and then the little they had would be at the mercy of the foe.

Bringing his rifle to his shoulder, he singled out one of the savages, and fired. His aim was good, and the redskin dropped dead. Hastily he reloaded his piece, and looked forth again. One savage only was visible, and the next moment a bullet was speeding away, destined to lay him beside his companion.

Again the forester loaded and waited. But the savages had sought shelter behind the cabin, and the minutes passed by, giving him no glimpse of them.

The Indians had counted upon a surprise and an easy victory, but had found themselves mistaken. It was nearly an hour before another showed himself, and that was only to glide away in the direction of the forest. He was followed by another and another, until at last Luke saw them all depart.

With the sun the settlers came forth from their hiding-place, thankful for the escape vouchsafed to them.

Her Answer.

BY A. O. G.

DICK stood on the shore and watched Dora Selwyn climb the cliff, an odd little feeling at his heart.

Ever since he could remember he had loved Dora. They had been playmates together, and he had got into more scrapes on account of her than anything else he could think of. He had always constituted himself her champion and knight, and couldn't remember the time when he hadn't called her his "little wife."

But Dick's love, like other cases of "true love" didn't run just as smooth as he could wish it to. Dora had got into a habit of late of tantalising him; probably because she knew she could, and she liked to show her power.

Ever since they had been at the sea side, she had kept him in torment by flirting outrageously with Will Danvers, who hadn't half brains to see that she was making sport of him.

Dick knew she didn't care anything for Danvers, but he didn't like to see the woman he meant to marry acting as Dora did. It didn't look well.

But whenever he ventured to remonstrate with her on the subject, she got angry, or pretended to, at least; and poor Dick could not get the least satisfaction in reasoning the case with her. She was provoking, and she knew she could tease him, and liked to.

"I wish I could get her to answer me one question fairly and frankly," said Dick, thoughtfully looking up the cliffs, where her scarlet scarf fluttered in the wind. "If she does care for me why can't she say so, and if she doesn't why can't she say so? I'm sure I've asked her often enough, but she'll evade any direct reply. I wish I could tantalize her for a day or two as she does me."

Dick wandered about forlornly for an hour or two and then began to ascend the cliff.

"Dear me, how you frightened me!" she cried, with a start which was a good imitation of the genuine article, since she had seen him coming up the cliff all the time.

"I'm sorry if I frightened you," he said. "You have been reading, haven't you?"

"Yes," she said absently. "I wish you would sit a little further off, Mr. Kent. I'm afraid you'll tumble my dress."

"Mr. Kent!" Dick repeated the name after her scornfully.

"Yes, Mr. Kent!" answered Dora, with a twinkle of fun in her eyes. "I forget that boys don't like to be called Mr., though. Please excuse me. I'll call you Dicky, if that suits you better."

Dick groaned.

"Why can't you leave off teasing me?" he asked: "I don't tantalise you, do I?"

"Oh, no," answered Dora. "Mr. Danvers gave me this book. Isn't it pretty?"

"I don't think so," answered Dick, "It looks about as empty as his head!"

"I'd thank you to speak a little more respectfully of my friends," said Dora, frigidly.

"Your friends!" said Dick, sarcastically. "I suppose Will Danvers is a very dear one, isn't he?"

"He doesn't talk about you behind your back, at any rate," said Dora.

"Come now," pleaded Dick. "Let's not quarrel? I came up on purpose to ask you a question, and I want you to say 'yes' or 'no' to it. I can't stand this suspense much longer; it's killing me."

"I thought you looked poorly of late," said Dora, with motherly solicitude in her tones. 'Do you take anything?"

"Don't!" exclaimed Dick, vehemently. 'Don't make fun of me, if you won't talk seriously. I can't act like a saint.'

'I didn't suppose you could," laughed Dora.

"Then answer me the question I asked you the other day."

"Which one? You asked me so many I can't remember any one in particular. Oh, I think I know now—what colored neck-tie I thought you looked best in. Well, following out the fashion of shades, as we women have them in our dresses, I should think a pink would harmonize with your moustache."

"Dora," said Dick, solemnly, "I've half a mind to go away and never come back again. You'd be glad to see me, if I should, I fancy."

"Wait till I tell you so," she laughed.

"I believe I will go away," said poor Dick. "You'll regret using me so when I'm gone, and wish I was back."

"When I tell you I'm glad to have you back, why, I'll—I'll——"

'Accept anything I bring you," asked Dick, eagerly.

"Yes; when I tell you I'm glad to see you back, I'll accept anything you bring me," said Dora.

"It's a compact," said Dick. 'I'll go away to morrow. But I wish you'd answer me that question, Dora."

"I have answered one question," she said. "I can't remember what other one you asked me."

"You know what I mean," said Dick. "Isn't that Mr. Danvers on the beach? Just call him, won't you?"

"No I won't," said Dick, savagely; and stalked away.

Half an hour later Dora saw him rowing out across the bay in a little skiff, and smiled. Very soon the wind began to blow furiously, and Dora went back to the hotel. Night shut down dark and gloomy, the storm raged furiously, and the wind blew almost a hurricane.

"There'll be lives lost to-night I'm afraid," some one said in Dora's hearing; and straightway she began thinking of Dick Kent.

He had not come back yet. What if he had been drowned?

Dora did not sleep a wink that night. She was up early in the morning. No one had seen Dick; no one knew anything about him.

In the course of the morning some one had found the boat he had gone out in lying battered and broken on the shore, at the foot of the cliffs; and then the idea that he had been drowned in the storm got abroad, and gained general credence.

Poor Dora! She accused herself harshly with being the cause of poor Dick's death. If she hadn't been so provoking, and teased him so, he wouldn't have gone away. She went down to the shore, and paced up and down, half expecting to see his body cast ashore at her feet.

A step came behind her. She turned.

'Oh, Dick!" she cried. "Is it you, and are you really alive? I'm so glad to see you! I thought you were drowned."

"Not a bit of it," answered Dick. "I went over to the island, and a steamboat came along, and I got on board and went to town, and have just got back to find everybody lamenting my death. Dora,"—solemnly,—"you know you said yesterday you'd accept whatever I brought you, when you said you were glad to see me. You've just said you were glad, and now you've got to do as you agreed."

"Well, what have you brought?" asked Dora, red as a rose.

"Myself," answered Dick; "and you must take me."

"Well, I 'spose I must," she answered, "not because I want you, but just to keep my word!"

And Dick was satisfied at last.

The bale of cotton donated for the benefit of the orphans of General Hood was sold and resold several times at Houston, Texas, realizing $1,000. Then it was shipped to Waco.

ASPIRE!

BY L. S. B.

Aspire to greater things,
With heaven exalted eye—
With steadfast tread, and bearing high,
And hope on joyful wings.
There's not a victory won below,
But points to other works undone;
And ever as Time's currents flow,
We find new shores still to be won.

Press on, with purpose pure,
Nor cast one look behind;
Ambitious still to store thy mind
With truthful love that shall endure.
There's not a height by man yet gain'd
But shows another height to win;
There's not a truth by man maintain'd,
But bears some greater truth within.

Oh, seek the good and great!
Man's mission on the earth
Is progress, ever, from his birth;
Nor should he e'er in zeal abate.
Oh! who would, tamely lingering, see
Such boundless prospects for the mind,
And, clinging to morality,
In guilty sloth be left behind?

Aspire to better deeds!
With hope and love entwined
Let emulation fill thy mind,
And ever haste when duty leads.
Man's holy mind, if trained aright
To such a height of good would grow,
That spirits pure and angels bright
Might mingle with us here below.

All for Love.

BY VIVIENNE.

"DO you know where Miss Beatrix is?" There was something sharp in Mr. St. John's glance as he questioned little Rosetta, his cousin's maid.

"Yes sir; she's in the garden with Mr. Le Blond and the young gentlemen."

At this answer the sharpness of Forrest St. John's glance increased; and, turning from the door of Redwood, he passed quickly along the terrace

At the end he stopped before descending the steps, and looked down the broad garden path He saw plainly the group there under the locusts—a regally beautiful young lady in purple silk; two dark eyed boys leaning upon her lap; a young, fair complexioned man standing so as to overlook the book upon which the eyes of all were fixed. It was certainly a peaceful scene, yet the eyes of Forrest St. John grew bloodshot and sullen as he stood surveying the group.

Descending the steps, he advanced slowly, never removing his baleful gaze until he came face to face with the young lady. She looked up. First surprise, then observation, then offence, showed themselves in her noble countenance. She turned silently again to the book.

"I wish to speak with you, Trix."

"Certainly, as soon as I am at leisure. Go on, Reginald."

"It is Max's turn now," responded the elder of Miss St. John's young brothers.

She turned the book in her lap so that Max could continue his reading. A lurid flush of anger overspread her cousin's florid face. He waited with what grace he could until it was Miss St. John's pleasure to give him a hearing

Unconscious as she appeared, her face had grown clouded, and the pleased look had fled, too, from the features of Paul Le Blond. The boys only appeared totally indifferent to the presence of the new arrival, who stood whipping his boot-leg with his slender riding whip. As soon as the last word of the lesson was pronounced, Le Blond extended his hand to the younger boy.

"Come, Max, we have detained your sister longer than was necessary."

"It has not been irksome; I have enjoyed it," answered Miss St. John, rising, and shaking out the folds of purple silk crushed by her brothers' resting arms. "They do so well."

The boys turned gratefully at her praise, kissed and embraced her.

When they had turned aside with their tutor, she joined her cousin, who had advanced impatiently a few steps up to the main path.

"I wish to know," he began at once, "what need there is of your mixing yourself up with the boys' lessons? Isn't Le Blond capable?"

"He does not teach German, and I gained quite a good knowledge of it while abroad," answered his companion, indifferently arranging the lace around her wrist, though it was evident that Mr. Forrest St. John was in a foaming passion.

"Then let them go without learning German! They have lessons enough, and it only encourages him."

"Encourages whom, if you please?"

"Le Blond. He watches for a chance to speak to you, day or night, and you know it!"

A color like the glint of an opal came into Trix St. John's oval cheeks. She did not speak. Her cousin's watching eyes saw. He foamed over.

"A white faced adventurer, who would like to be master here! And it's a burning shame to you, Trix, that you are flattered by it! Any lady would resent it as an insult!"

"Stop, if you please!"

"I beg your pardon," muttered the other, sullenly. "I did not mean that. Come, Trix, give up these German lessons, or send that Le Blond away. To please me," he added.

A faint smile curled Beatrix's beautiful lips at the last words.

"I cannot please you in this matter, Forrest."

He choked an angry answer.

"It is desirable that the boys have early lessons in German. And I know of no reason why Mr Paul Le Blond should be sent away. He teaches and disciplines the boys well."

"If you don't dismiss him, I shall, Trix."

"By what authority?" coolly

"By the authority of my relationship and right to prevent you from throwing yourself away on a poverty stricken fellow who is nobody knows who!"

"I do not think that I shall wed Mr. Le Blond until he asks me,"—with a curious smile.

"He'll soon have the impudence to do that with the encouragement you give him."

Miss St. John's fine black brows had contracted, and her nutty curls touched a burning color in her cheeks; and when her cousin added, "You mean to marry him, but, by Heaven, you shall not!" she stopped in the path.

"Forrest," she said, "I hate reproaches and recriminations, but there is no other way with you. You, who are not fit to govern your own life, shall not be allowed the government of mine. You have squandered the fortune my father left you. You are my cousin, and, by courtesy, my guest. You are nothing more. You shall be permitted no authority over me. The law gives you none, and I will not submit to your interference in my affairs.

The florid face was quite white now. The sullen black eyes were fixed on the ground.

But Forrest St John controlled his rage.

"I beg your pardon, Trix; but you do put one in a passion. I don't mean to interfere in your affairs, of course. You can marry whom you like."

He turned away with a downcast countenance and boiling heart, leaving her to go alone to the house. Trix entered the great hall of Fairfields alone. The door clanged after her. She went up to her chamber. There the beautiful hot cheeks cooled slowly. Her face grew calm, introspective.

"Sweet with the bitter," she murmured. "Does Paul Le Blond watch for my coming? Does he love me? He is a loyal, true-hearted gentleman, and——"

The confession she made under her breath brightened again the dreaming eyes, crested the beautiful head.

Down the avenue walked Forrest St. John, gnawing a white lip.

"I'll conquer her yet. I mean to be master here. She shall marry me!"

* * * * *

Paul Le Blond sat alone in the schoolroom. The boys, permitted a half-holiday, had gone to town with their ponies. Beatrix had gone with them on her graceful filly.

Paul Le Blond held a book in his hand. It was open where a knot of rose colored ribbon lay between the pages. He closed it quickly at sound of a step at the door. Mr St. John entered.

"Miss St. John wishes you to go and get the German books for the boys she was speaking of last evening," he said, in the ungracious way in which he spoke habitually to the tutor of his young cousins.

"Certainly," replied Paul, rising with alacrity.

He was lithe, active, graceful, his fair, spiritual face in strong contrast with St. John's over indulged and sensuous shape.

The other hated him for the clear dark-gray eyes, which always looked into his without flinching.

"You will have to go and return along the shore. Miss St. John wants you back before two," he said, turning from the room as Paul, with a smile, reached for his hat.

Along the shore the little waves were rocking in the sunshine. The tide was out, so that he went down in the sands to see their sparkle and white fretting about the rocks. The sky hung above was of *lapis lazuli*.

He enjoyed it all, as only pure, fine souls can.

But when he came back the tide was thundering in, loud and strong. The yellow frothing surges swept up to the feet of the cliffs, which they had so far abandoned two hours before.

Suddenly he found the way impassable. He turned back in surprise and bewilderment. The water had washed on his path. He was hemmed in.

Forrest St. John received the riders cordially. Even the careless boys observed and wondered at his graciousness. But it was certainly pleasanter than his usual surliness. They were about to dine.

"Where is Mr. Le Blond?" asked Beatrix.

"Gone to the woods for botanical specimens, I believe," replied her cousin.

She saw a little, quick smile of his a moment after, but could not read it.

"Come, Reginald, to your dinner," said Miss St. John.

"Come here a moment, Trix."

The boy stood at the drawing-room window with his toy telescope.

"There is a man under the cliffs," he said, looking up into her face as he handed her the glass.

"What?"

Trix lifted the glass quickly.

She put it down the next moment, white as a lily, every nerve strung tight.

"The tide is coming in! He is prisoned there! He will be drowned!" she said.

"If you please, mam'selle," trembled little Rosetta, at her elbow, "it's Mr. Le Blond. Mr. St. John sent him that way this morning."

Trix turned, and went bareheaded out of the house. Her young brother pressed at her side. She threw her long skirt over her arm, and ran over the sharp rocks in her velvet slippers, swift as a deer, and Reginald followed close beside her. They reached a boat, cut the rope, and were afloat.

"Pull, now, if you love me, Reggie!"

The boy did not need to be urged. He was very fond of Paul.

Paul Le Blond, braced against the cliff, the water above his knees, saw the little boat come dancing over the high, sparkling water. The dory soon reached his side. A white, ringed hand was extended.

"You would have died if we had been five minutes later," said Beatrix, in a shaking voice.

"That would not have mattered. It would have been in your service," he replied.

But he laid down in the boat, much exhausted.

"It was not in my service," Beatrix had replied. She looked with a hard glance at the school-books which he had laid at her feet, as she took up her oar again. And then she fixed her dark eyes firmly on Fairfields; but her heart bled.

The prostrate man in the boat turned over and kissed the little velvet shoe so near his face

"Pardon," he said, for Reggie saw; "but the lowliest may kiss the foot of a queen."

But he held his hand up to Trix's sight, and she saw that blood had dripped upon it from her foot.

"The rocks—I needed to hurry," she stammered, blushing and confused; but in all her life she never forgot his gaze of adoration. "It is nothing."

They came to Fairfields.

"Forrest St. John," she said to her cousin, "I have extended the hospitality of my home to you for years by courtesy. It shelters you no longer. I will not abide a murderer under my roof."

Cowed, he went forth, and, in spite of his fierce vows to Heaven, Trix married Paul Le Blond.

COURTING BY PROXY.—The ceremony of asking the hand of the Archduchess Christine for King Alfonso of Spain, took place in the Bourg at Vienna, when Duke Edward de Carondelet drove up, with all the pomp and etiquette prescribed by the Spanish Court. He was introduced to the Emperor in the Grand Reception Hall, which presented one of those historical and pictur esque events which would have inspired the brush of a Dorfegger or a Makart. The lofty and imposing apartment, with its raised dais at one end, on which stood the Emperor in full uniform, surrounded by his Court and Ministry, the heavy draperies of the baldachino overhanging the throne, the rich uniforms of the Hungarian Guards and the picturesque costumes of the Spanish Envoy and his suite, the colored light streaming through the casements, adorned with the armorial bearings of seven centuries of Hapsburgs, together formed a picture, the remembrance of which will always afford a distinct sensation of pleasure. From the Hall of Ceremonies the Duke betook himself to another part of the Bourg, where he was received by the *fiancee* herself, who looked bewitching in pink satin and pearls. Her Highness was accompanied by her mother, the Archduchess Elizabeth. The envoy made known to the two ladies the success which had attended his mission to the Emperor, and after formally asking once more if he were right in presuming to suppose that Her Highness consented to bestow her hand on the King of Spain, he formally presented her with a diamond ring, bearing the initials "A. C.," the betrothal gift of his royal master. Before Her Highness leaves Vienna she will formally renounce any claims to the Austrian throne. She has just returned from Prague, where she has been to renounce the post of Abbess of the Cloister attached to the Headchen, for noble ladies, a high honorary distinction only granted to an archduchess. The future Queen of Spain is one of the few *grandes dames* of Vienna who do not think it absolutely necessary that a dress should be Parisian for it to be stylish. She has delighted the commercial world of the "Kaiserstadt" by ordering her trousseau from native firms. When King Alfonso the other day met his "future" at Arcachon, she extracted a promise from him to allow her to bring her own physician to Spain, which is quite contrary to strict Spanish etiquette. The affair has given rise to much discussion between the King and his punctilious grandees, but as Archduchess Christine declared that she would not trust herself to the Spanish Court physician, who allowed Queen Mercedes and her sister to slip through his fingers, and would in fact not go to Spain at all unless she had her way, the big wigs had to give in.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE NIMBUS:—The glory or nimbus drawn by painters round the heads of saints, angels, and holy men, and the circle of rays on images, were adopted from the Cæsars and their flatterers, by whom they were used in the first century.

HOW IRISH RUINS ARE PRESERVED.—The Irish remains known as Con O Neill's Castle, Castlereagh, were ordered by their proprietor to be inclosed with a wall built around the ruins. If ever there was a real Hibernian bull, the agent of the estate perpetrated one on this occasion, for he actually pulled down the ruins themselves to obtain stone for a wall to inclose them!

OLD TIMBER:—The oldest timber in the world, which has been used by man, is supposed to be that found in the ancient temples of Egypt. It is found as dowel-pins in connection with stone work which is known to be at least 4,000 years old. These dowels appear to be of tamarisk or shittim wood, of which the ark is said to have been constructed—a sacred tree in ancient Egypt and now rarely found in the valley of the Nile.

THE JEWSHARP:—It seems strange that this despised instrument should ever have found favor in the ears of royalty, but sapient King James VI., of Scotland (and First of England) summoned before him one Gilles Duncan, a servant-girl famed for her performance on it. After having played a dance on it for a large company of witches, she repeated the music before the King. There have been other players of celebrity, among them Koch, a Prussian soldier in the service of Frederick the Great, and music has actually been written for it.

THE CRAB'S CLAW.—If the leg of a crab be fractured, it throws off the injured limb near to the body. And it has the power of doing so apparently for two purposes,—to save the excessive flow of blood which always takes place at the first wound, and to lay bare the organ which is to re produce the future limb. As soon as the injured limb has been thrown off the bleeding stops; but if the animal is unable, from weakness or any other cause, to effect this, the result is fatal. The growth of the new limb is slow, until after the period of the next moult, when it rapidly assumes its full proportions.

THE BRITISH ARMY.—The British Army was formerly recruited by contract between the Crown and some distinguished soldier or gentleman of high position, who undertook to raise the men, receiving a certain sum as bounty money for each recruit. In some cases, in lieu of money, the contractor received the nomination of all or some of the officers, and reimbursed himself by selling the commissions. In time of war the ranks were also filled by released debtors, pardoned criminals and impressed paupers and vagrants. Forced levies or drafts are illegal in England and have always been strenuously resisted by Parliament.

THE FATE OF ZULU COWARDS.—What Zulu discipline and rule was is clearly indicated by a story told by Cetewayo himself while on his way down to the place of embarkation Pointing to a bush which he designated by the name of the Coward's Bush, he informed his conductors that in front of that bush King Chaka used to sit after a battle had been fought in order to hear accusations of cowardice against any of his soldiers. If a man was convicted on what seemed sufficient evidence he was expected to stand still with his left arm high above his head, while an assegai was slowly and by degrees thrust downwards from the armpit till it pierced the heart.

DEVOTED LOVE:—In the days when England and Scotland were distracted by warfare, and the fear and dread of Douglas was in every foeman's heart, there was a young lady in England very beautiful and very rich; her hand was sought by many suitors; and once, at a great festival, she declared that she would marry no one unless he showed his bravery by defending Castle Dangerous, the Douglas Castle, then in the possession of the English, against the Douglas himself, for a year and a day. At length, Sir John Wilton, for the love he bore to the lady, undertook the charge. He was sent to the place, and for a long time remained in security, but was at last induced to come to open conflict with the Scottish forces, and perished. They found a love-note from the lady under the breast-plate of the knight.

LOVE-BIRDS:—Between Love-Birds or Parrokeets, there exists the most perfect harmony in all their acts and wishes. They eat together, sit on the same branch, share the same bath, and directly the male utters his cry of invitation, it is responded to by its mate. Should one fall ill, the other feeds it; and, however many there may be assembled on a branch or tree, the little couples never leave each other. These elegant little creatures can only be reared in pairs; or, at any rate, to keep them successfully, they must be allowed to associate familiarly; the older birds are said to be unable to live alone. They seldom survive the death of mates; and when one goes, the other pines away and dies. Instances are rare of the Love-Bird taking to a second mate, and for this reason they are called the Inseparables, and are cited as emblems of devoted wedded love.

A DEAD ROSE.

BY A. WILDMAN.

Nay, do not touch that faded flower,
Albeit both scent and hue have flown;
For it may still retain a power
Some gentle heart may joy to own.
Hidden beneath each withered leaf,
A chastening spell, to Memory dear,
May yield that burthened heart relief
When hope itself is sere!

There let it lie, 'mid records sweet,
By feeling prompted, genius graced,
Type of their fate, memorial meet
Of "young affections run to waste!"
Left on their stem—(how fugitive!)
Those cherished leaves had soon been shed;
But thus embalmed, will seem to live
Till Memory's self be dead!

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC

CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED)

BUT presently the Count spoke again; his cousin had told him of Doctor Coryn; he knew that Vivian loved and trusted the Rector of Rougemont; and, while he spoke, he watched covertly the Doctor's face; but there was no sign of recognition of either feature or voice. The keen eyes of the Rector scanned the face of the French Count; and he evidently—indeed he said so—detected, as had Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner and others, a ring of Vivian's voice in his cousin's; but that was all. Doctor Coryn had clearly no suspicion that the olive-skinned noble who could speak to him only in French was the chief of the House of Devereux, who, in the hey-day of his reckless and haughty youth, had given proof of the sterling gold that lay beneath the veil, when he listened in shamed silence to the faithful man who rebuked him gently but fearlessly for sin. It was music to him to hear the frank expressions of this good man's love for him and faith in him, though he shrank from the praise bestowed on Vivian Devereux; and presently indeed, for now they were walking slowly back towards the gate, he led, without difficulty, to the subject of the murder, and asked if anything had transpired to point suspicion to its perpetrator. Doctor Coryn shook his head sadly.

"It is indeed a mysterious crime," he said. "From that day to this not a single clue has been afforded of the criminal. Miss Calderon had never employed detectives: she said she had no faith in them; and, moreover, they had decided that Sir Vivian was the assassin, and, as long as that impression remained unshaken, they would practically do nothing."

"I think she is right," remarked the Count; "the police are alike all the world over. If you can persuade them to take your view of a case, they will act with zeal, if not always with sense; but, if they have formed an opinion, they are incapable of entering any other."

"A detective did come down about six months after the murder," said Doctor Coryn, "employed, I have been told, by Lady Constance Morton; but nothing came of it. The man was not a week in the neighborhood. Lady Constance, I believe inclines to think Sir Vivian guilty."

"Perhaps it would be hardly fair to blame her," observed Saint Leon gently; "all appearances—at least, as it would seem to many—were against him; and there are minds that must have a victim."

"Ay, narrow minds, that can see only as a horse in blinkers," said the Rector, with unusual bitterness. "It has been argued, who could have obtained the dagger with which the deed was done but Devereux, or some one in the house? But, when it is remembered where it was, it is impossible to say that some one might not have entered the red library from the terrace. Clearly it was some one who had a motive in fixing the crime on Vivian; but who that could be is the mystery."

"This Mr. Everest," said the Count—"could there be any motive in him?"

"None that was apparent. Moreover, he was at Melton Parva at the time; that was proved beyond a doubt. Indeed the question of his guilt never arose."

"Still more," said the Count musingly, "he is in London society. I met him at the ball at which I was introduced to Mademoiselle Calderon. She knows him; she could not countenance him if any suspicion could be linked with his name." Mentally he added, "If Percy Everest had the motive—and who knows whether he had or not?—he has not boldness for such a deed. He could act by slander, but not by a deed of blood, directly or indirectly. He is the snake, not the sleuth-hound." Aloud he said, "I shall do what in me lies to clear my cousin's name; but at present the path is beset with thorns. I have a view of this matter differing from that which I most frequently hear, though perhaps you, *mon père*, may agree with it."

They had paused at the gate, and Saint Leon lifted the horse's bridle from the gate-post.

"What view is that?" asked Doctor Coryn.

"That the clue to this mystery," the Count answered, "lies in the past life of Marmaduke Devereux."

"I do agree with it," said the Rector steadily; "and of this I am certain, that, whether that unhappy man was the direct victim of revenge, or only sacrificed to inculpate his brother, Vivian's hand had wrought no wrong that could cry for vengeance. He was incapable of an offence against honor."

The Count stopped suddenly and kissed the speaker's hand.

"In his name, for his sake, I thank you, my father," he said falteringly.

"Would to Heaven," said the Rector, utterly overcome, "that I could have spoken those words to Vivian Devereux, and heard his own lips answer as you have done!"

One day Wilford Coryn remembered that moment. But, as he walked back slowly to the Rectory, his mind dwelt, as it did so often, on the sealed packet locked up in the old oak cabinet in his study—the packet Vera Calderon had consigned to his charge; and a fearful thought, if aught so vague could be called thought, rose, as it had risen before, like a terrible spectre before his mental vision—terrible, though it had Vera's picture like beauty, with its dark eyes full of dread and stern unutterable woe.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IT was in deep dusk, and they were together in the library at Temple Rest, these three—Vivian Devereux, Vera Calderon, and Aileen Connor; for Aileen knew who it was who stood there by Vera in the fading light, and had given him her heartfelt welcome an hour before. The light fell on his face; but Vera's was more in shadow, as she stood leaning on an old-fashioned chair, wearing for this man who was speaking to her the sombre garb of mourning. Yet, if mourning expresses sorrow other than for death, she might well wear ever the deep crape, assumed to harmonise with a fiction. What was it that had made her move back a little, though Vivian could hardly see her face, and press her hand to her forehead? What made her pause before she answered him, and what wrought the change in her voice, subtle though that change was, yet perceptible to his ear, when she did answer? He had only repeated the words he had spoken to Doctor Coryn that afternoon, as he parted with the Rector; and had she not herself told him once that she had no faith in Duke Devereux's integrity?

"It may be so," she said slowly—"I think it is so; but the ground is so uncertain. You saw so little of him; you know so little of his past life."

"It must be my task to learn more, Vera."

Did the comparative coldness of her manner strike him? He stooped over Alba, who sat at his feet, and then added suddenly—

"Has Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner left London?"

"Yes," the girl said wonderingly. "Why?"

"Do you know where she is gone?"

"No—abroad, I believe. I do not know where. Again, why? Have you any suspicion, any thought?"

"Nay, nay, *mon cœur*," he laughed slightly; "but she might have known my brother Duke. Has that ever crossed you, Vera?"

"Never," said the girl, under her breath. "I have had no cause to suppose it. I believe you are mistaken."

She said that with an impatience that seemed as misplaced under the circumstances as foreign to her nature, and walked away to the other side of the room. Was it pain, or surprise, or both that held Vivian silent? Aileen tried in vain to see his face; it had grown so dark now that she could discern little more than the outline of his figure. The next moment he followed Vera, and laid his hand on her arm.

"If I have wounded you," he said, bending down, "tell me how; and, if I can, I will make reparation."

Not a reproach in words, or tone, or look! And she must have sorely wounded him. She forced back the bitter tears that choked her voice as she bowed her head down on his hand.

"Vivian, Vivian, think of me as I was when you first loved me, not as I am now—oh, not as I am now!"

Was she still acting out her miserable part? Was she wilfully uttering words that must one day rise up against her. But, if he wondered, he would not doubt.

"You are now as then, Vera, and then as now," he whispered, as his firm strong clasp closed over her trembling hands, "save for the grief that has darkened your life."

She shrank and shivered as if his words gave her intolerable pain, and lifted her head abruptly; but even as her lips parted to speak the words died unuttered before the look that spoke such fulness of trust and the smile that answered the passionate pleading of her eyes—answered as surely as spoken language, "There is nothing to forgive, for your hand could never wound."

Would eye and smile have the same language one day—one dark day soon, when every incident of these few moments would come back to him fraught with a terrible meaning? Would he then, as now, press his lips to her brow in love as strong as death, as faithful as heaven?

She stood so long motionless in the deep gloom, after he had left her, that Aileen came softly forward, and, seeing, as she drew near, that Vera's head was bowed, her hands clenched, she spoke her name—

"Vera—Vera dear!"

The girl started as if a spell were broken, and, with a smothered cry, fell down at her nurse's feet, hiding her face in her dress.

"Aileen—you heard him—and how I lied to him; but it was for his sake. Aileen"—she lifted her white face, and Aileen could see, even in the darkness, how her eyes glittered with a strange terror—"if he should learn the truth! I cannot trust her—I warned her—sent her away; but in the winter she will return—he will meet her. He already suspects something. She is as clay in the potter's hands to him."

"Better perhaps if he knew," said Aileen, with the boldness of desperation; but Vera sprang to her feet, and struck her hands together with a gesture of almost fierce passion.

"Better? Heaven forbid it! it shall not be." She paused, and added, with one of those abrupt changes of manner which phlegmatic temperaments are apt erroneously to associate with the idea of stormy but surface passions, "But the climax will not come from her hand."

"Vera, I understand ye"—the woman bent forward, and spoke in a whisper—"he—the curse of Cromwell light on him!—will have what he has played for or——"

Vera turned, and a faint ray of light from the rising moon fell upon her face, haggard and ghastly white, and lent something unearthly to the steady gleam of her wonderful eyes and the smile that flitted over her bloodless lips.

"Vengeance," she said quietly, completing the sentence—"and he shall leave it."

"Vera"—Aileen grasped the slender wrist—"what do you mane, child?"

Vera put both hands on the Irishwoman's shoulders, and stooping down, looked into her face a moment without speaking.

"That," she said at length, "I breathe not even to you, Aileen. But, when the worst shall come, I am ready to meet it."

She dropped her hands and turned away, and the slight black-robed form seemed to vanish like a ghost in the gloom. The gentle closing of the door told Aileen that she was alone.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE rising moon was flooding Vivian Devereux's path with silver glory as he walked through the rich glades of the park skirting the broad drive to the lodge; and, as the tall dark figure in the picturesque Spanish cloak, flung lightly across the shoulder, and slouched felt hat, flitted in and out among the trees, now in light, now in shadow, it seemed as if some Castilian ancestor of the Calderons had stepped out of his frame, so little of anything that might be associated with modern days was there about the man's whole form and mien.

The calm beauty of the scene, the balmy softness of the summer evening, had no power to soothe his troubled thoughts, and so deeply absorbed was he that he started at the sound of a quick advancing step on the gravel, as though the presence of any other human being were something abnormal. He looked up and saw a female figure walking quickly towards him—a figure he knew at once; but in that instant of recognition he had passed beyond the shadow of a group of trees into the broad but pale and ghastly light of the early moon. Maggie Tredegar—for she it was—saw the tall figure in the Spanish cloak and hat, and her cry of helpless terror rang through the woods, as, paralysed with fear, she fell upon her knees before the supposed apparition, perhaps with some vague idea of imploring mercy, the ignorant being deeply imbued with the belief that departed spirits are invariably of malevolent dispositions.

Vivian did not need the key to this manifestation of fear to divine how easily a superstitious Cornish peasant would conjure into a ghost a man in a Spanish cloak, assisted by the surroundings of trees, moonlight, and evening shadows; and his ever vivid sense of the ridiculous was paramount as he saw the poor girl kneeling and trembling at his feet on the drive, while his habitual courtesy to women and his kindly interest in Maggie individually restrained him from, even for a moment prolonging her agony.

"*Mon enfant*," he began, advancing and laying his hand upon her shoulder—"*ecoutes moi*—listen to me. Nay, truly, you are foolish"—in English, but with a decided foreign accent; and now he gently lifted her. "Silly child! Look at me; do not fear. I am the Count Saint Leon."

He loosed his hold as he spoke and raised his hat; and the girl sprang back and gave him one eager look, and then, hiding her face again—this time not in terror—burst out crying. Poor little Maggie! The deadly fear—for she thought she saw Don Diego again—had so shaken her that the sight of a face so like Vivian Devereux's was too much for her excited nerves, and she forgot at first to feel ashamed of her foolish mistake into which her alarm had betrayed her.

"*Allons donc!*" said the Count kindly. And he gently drew the girl's hands from before her eyes, as he had done one summer night two years before. "Dry your tears, *mon enfant*. I am so grieved to have frightened you; and now I make you unhappy. Why is it?"

"Oh, sir, please forgive me," answered Maggie, checking her tears, blushing deeply, and hanging her pretty head with shame; "but you are so like Sir Vivian, sir and—and my father is his tenant! I am Farmer Tredegar's daughter, and we all love him so!" concluded Maggie, nearly weeping again as she finished her incoherent statement.

"*Pauvre enfant*"—and there was only chivalrous kindness in the touch of his hand on her shoulder again—"he knew you all loved him. Would he were living now to repay you! Have no shame for those tears; they honor you. You hang your head still. What is the matter?"

Maggie's head went lower still, and she played nervously with the corners of her little summer mantle.

"I was so silly, sir," she said in a low voice, "I thought you were Don Diego's ghost."

"Don Diego's ghost!" repeated the Count, laughing a little—it was Vivian's soft musical laugh. "What is that, *mignonne*?"

Maggie looked up, a touch of resentment in her face and voice.

"Don Diego was the ancestor of the Calderons, sir—my lord," she added, as it occurred to her, for the first time, that "sir" was not the correct mode of address for a Count. "He was cast ashore, and his portrait hangs in the hall at the Rest, with a cloak like you have on, and a hat much like yours; and he 'walks'—I mean, he is seen sometimes. Aileen Connor, Miss Vera's nurse, told me he did."

"And you have seen him?" said the Count indulgently, as she paused for breath.

"Yes, my lord, in the shrubbery one night; he came out suddenly, and he was gone before I could run away; and, when I told Aileen Connor, she laughed at me at first, and then, when I described what he had on—I did not see his face—she told me Don Diego 'walked' sometimes, but I was not to talk about it. Miss Vera wouldn't like it."

"And so," said the Count smiling, "you keep your promise of secrecy—for I suppose you made one—by telling me?"

"Oh," cried Maggie, "Aileen said so because the servants would be frightened, and—but do you think Miss Vera will mind? Please, sir—my lord"—imploringly—"you won't tell her again? I didn't think there was any harm. I haven't said a word to anyone else—indeed I haven't."

"Rest tranquil, my child—I will say nothing. I were no Rohan to make a demoiselle unhappy. Are you going to the house?"

"Yes—my lord"—curtseying.

"Do you fear? Shall I escort you? Perhaps best not," he added, as he saw her involuntary color and wince. "You are right, my child—then good night. You will not see Don Diego's ghost, will you?"—smiling a little mischievously as he took her hand.

"Ah, my lord!" Maggie answered deprecatingly.

"Pardon, adieu." He touched her hand lightly with his lips with a graceful gallantry free from the faintest tinge of offence, and lifted his hat as she passed him, as though she had been a princess; and Maggie, curtseying low, went on her way.

"Poor little Maggie Tredegar!" said Vivian to himself, with a half smile and a half sigh, as he paused a moment, looking after her. "Heaven bless your grateful heart, child. Will Vivian Devereux ever be able to say as much to you—in his own person? Ay—by Heaven!"

He turned and resumed his walk at a quicker pace this time, and once or twice, athwart his graver thoughts, came with a flash of amusement the memory of Maggie's fright and the story of the devoutly-believed in ghost of Don Diego; but, for all serious import he attached to the episode, it might be said to have passed from his mind before he reached Chandos Royal. It remained however in the storehouse of memory. Vivian Devereux was one of those men who actually never forget anything seen or heard.

* * * * *

About the middle of August the trustees of Sir Vivian Devereux's estate received a somewhat formal letter from Roland Chandos-Devereux, asking for categorical information respecting the death of Sir Vivian Devereux, as to which all that had at present reached him was the account in the newspapers, culled from a statement of his valet Alphonse Duval.

In reply "M. le Comte de Saint Leon" returned a most courteous letter, enclosing a document, signed by Alphonse Duval, setting forth a circumstantial account of the illness and death of the lord of Devereux.

In his letter the Count ventured to advise Sir Vivian's heir to abstain from taking any legal steps to obtain the estates, as the evidence enclosed was not such as would satisfy the Court of Chancery. The trustees had

taken counsel's opinion on the subject; and, in addition to this, the Count pointed out, with great clearness, how little legal value could be attached to the relation of the valet, however those who knew the man might be convinced of the truth of his statement, since he could offer no evidence but his bare word, being unable even to indicate the place of Sir Vivian's interment. Whatever their own views might be, therefore, the trustees were not at liberty to yield up the property on evidence that would not satisfy a Court of Equity.

This letter Roland Devereux read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested; and, as he saw no reason why he should give up the broad acres of Chandos-Devereux without doing his utmost to obtain them, he further fortified himself with more legal opinions, the result of which was that he wrote in the first week of September to say that, while there could be little moral doubt of Sir Vivian Devereux's death, he should not attempt at present to make good his claim to the property

And M. le Comte de Saint Leon remarked: "You have arrived at a wise conclusion, my dear cousin. Sir Vivian Devereux has no intention of abandoning his rights or of dying—if he can help it."

Slowly the autumn months dragged on into winter; and, when the latter season approached, people began to wonder whether Vera Calderon would come back to London before the regular season. During October and part of November she had been traveling abroad—indeed it had always tired her, accustomed to a wandering life, to remain long in one place, and now, when excitement and incessant change had become a need, a passionate craving, she found the grim solitude of Temple Rest unendurable. Of Vivian, during his short stay at the Royal, she could not see much; and he left in the early part of July, and soon afterwards went abroad.

Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner was flitting about from spa to spa; Everest, after a brief sojourn in France, spent his time at various country houses. Florrie Morton was able to give the first authoritative announcement regarding the moot question whether Vera would or would not go to London for the winter season. She had stoutly maintained that Vera would not do such a thing; and here before her eyes, on the black-edged paper, were Vera's own words:

"Yes; I shall be in London the first week in December. You will be surprised, disappointed in me, Florry; the world will wonder. I am sorry for the first, not for the second, the world's judgment is nothing to me, yours a good deal. But I must be content to be misunderstood. I deserve it, since I cannot explain myself."

"Vivian died in June, in exile, and falsely accused, and Vera flings herself into society six months after!" cried Florrie, in bewilderment. "Mamma, she puzzles me more than ever!"

"It is astounding," said Lady Constance, applying her handkerchief to her eyes "I would not have believed it of Vera Calderon."

But, for all that, Florrie held faithfully to her idol; she was puzzled, but she was certain Vera could never fail for lack of feeling.

"It is not only in novels and plays," argued the girl, not unwisely, "that people try to drown the sobs of their own heart in the whirl of society."

CHAPTER XLV.

OF course you know Vera Calderon is in town? Came last night."

"No, indeed. Where did you see it?"

Oh, Lord Cascelles told me! But it was in the *Post* too. I wonder that you missed it."

"I did not see the papers to-day. I thought that she was not expected for another week. I wonder if she'll be here to-night?"

Time—the first week in December; place—St James's Hall; occasion—a Monday Popular Concert; speakers—Lady Mary Grantley and the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham, subscribers.

"Hardly likely, I should think; and yet she generally does what nobody else does. Odd, her coming back to society so soon! I shouldn't have thought it of her."

"No, hardly. I suppose she has dropped mourning?"

"Oh, most likely! Whom do you see?"

"Thought I saw the Canadian Everest—he is in town, I know; but he doesn't patronize the classical in music, does he?"

"He is not musical at all. I suppose St. Leon will be in London soon?"

"Soon? Why"—a pause, while the opera glass swept the fast gathering crowds—"goodness—why, there he is!"

"Where—where?' excitedly; and everybody looked round; some, with proverbial English politeness, stood up to obtain a better view.

"My dear Lady Mary, you miss seeing Saint Leon. There he is, in the furred ulster, speaking to Lady Landport."

"I see him," said Lady Mary, leveling her opera glass at the handsome Frenchman. "Ah, he is gone into the stall next Mrs. Berkeley's—fortunate woman, though she doesn't know him! It is something to sit next him and look at him. To whom is he talking?"

"Oh, little Clem Willoughby! They say the Count speaks excellent English now; he can't be talking anything else to Clem, for Clem is no linguist."

And so on. Meanwhile the stalls were filling rapidly; and presently, just as the strings were tuning up in the artists' room, the ever-watchful Mrs. Wyndham eagerly pulled her companion's sleeve.

"There she is, just entering, in black velvet and silver fur! How superb she looks! And what jewels has she? Oh, diamonds! She is fond of all flashing stones."

Every one stared full at Vera Calderon as she came up the hall to her place; and Lady Mary Grantley and Mrs. Wyndham quite fluttered with delight when the famous heiress of Temple Rest, who was accompanied only by Madame Latouche, entered the row behind them. She acknowledged Saint Leon, as she passed his row, with a bow and a slight smile; and, when she had taken her place, she scanned the hall—less to single out those she knew than to see if Everest or Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner were there. Both were in town, but neither was likely to be present this evening, for they did not know she was coming, and to Everest all music was more or less uninteresting, while Mrs. Gresham-Faulkner's taste had not been sufficiently cultivated for the appreciation of classical works; still it was some relief to Vera to be certain that those spectres of her life were not haunting her, that she could listen to Schumann and Mendelssohn without the knowledge that she must afterwards meet Percy Everest with a show of courtesy, if not of cordiality, and endure the false fulsomeness of Adeline Gresham Falkner.

There was a vacant stall next to Miss Calderon; and in the interval, not immediately, but after the first rush of those who came up to exchange greetings had passed, Saint Leon rose, and, coming round, first shook hands with Madame Latouche, and then Vera, and then took the empty place.

"I think, Mademoiselle Calderon," he said, smiling, "if the owner of this stall had had the gift of prescience, he would have occupied it himself. As it is, since no one else has claimed the enviable post, I will venture—always with permission."

"I would not ask anyone else," returned the girl, with a sudden flash in her brilliant eyes, a quick curve of the lips, that seemed to have a touch of coquetry.

So thought the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham, learned in all such matters, who contrived, by a truly diplomatic manœuvre, to bring Vera and her companion under the range of her observation. Was the Count's fatal likeness to his cousin obliterating his memory in Vera Calderon's heart?

"No one ventured to sit by her, not even Cascelles," whispered the Hon. Mrs Wyndham; "and Saint Leon takes the place as a matter of course. And did you hear what she said?"

Both ladies lent eager ears to the conversation of these two distinguished persons; but, alas, the next words were in Castilian, and neither lady was acquainted with that language! However it was something to add to the conversation of to-morrow's "five o'clock" that Vera Calderon and Saint Leon sat behind them and talked Spanish, and that she wore velvet and diamonds, and he wore real sables; and they should never be surprised to hear that he was a favorite suitor of Miss Calderon's, etc.

The Count and Vera remained, as true musicians, to the close of the entertainment, and then, as they rose to depart, and the Count placed Vera's mantle about her shoulders, he asked, returning to French, if Madame Faulkner was in town.

"She came back on Friday," the girl answered, adding, with a half laugh "She receives next Wednesday. You are smitten, M. le Comte—why not go?"

Saint Leon's brow contracted slightly; but he replied in the same strain:

"I am engaged for Wednesday, unless"—they had passed out of the row now, and, as she glanced back, he bent forward a little, and added, under cover of the bustle and chatter around—"unless you ask me to come to Carlton House Terrace."

"Yes, come," she said directly, wistfully, and yet too, it struck his sensitive ear unerringly, with a dash of defiance in her tone—defiance of whom?

If he could but have read her heart then! Ay, she was playing a perilous game—but a kind of recklessness was coming over her now. She knew the last cast must be made soon; and it was such happiness, despite the pain and dread, to have Vivian with her. What if there were peril—if Percy Everest began to think this cousin of Vivian Devereux might prove a rival even to the dead? The strong, passionate spirit must sometimes break loose from its chains, and to such natures as this there is often an irresistible fascination in daring fate.

As the Count and his companion reached the door, a cold rush of air made Vera involuntarily shiver.

"Put up your hood, my dear," said Madame Latouche hastily. "She never takes proper precautions, M. de Saint Leon."

The Count smiled, and instantly drew the ermine hood over the mass of raven curls, and, as he bent down to the probably not unpleasing task which he fulfilled with all the deftness of a veritable squire of dames, a man lounging past in the street glanced towards the door, and started as the full glare of the light within showed him those two figures—the pure rich loveliness of the girl's face, shrined in its soft framework of fur—the man, with that noble beauty that made a harmonious picture of the slight episode, bending over her with that graceful gallantry which has ever in it a touch of devotion, and is said to be the most delicate form of flattery, but is simply the heritage of a caste that has not lost all the instincts of the older chivalry.

"Pooh—he can mean nothing!" said Percy Everest inwardly. "Vivian Devereux had the same manner with women. But these dainty scents of courts cannot be bought, and I have no need of them. Means nothing! H'm! Perhaps, though, he does. No doubt this diplomatic Count is crafty—and it needs no incentive of ambition to kneel at Vera's feet—and he is rich!" And the thin straight lips were pressed tightly together. He drew back a little, into the shadow, and, half hidden behind a group of young men who had paused to see Vera come out, watched her pass to her carriage with Saint Leon, and smiled as he heard the remarks of those near him upon Vivian Devereux's two trustees.

"She might smile on the Count—why not?" remarked one. "Who knows? Never can tell what a woman may do; and he's so deucedly like Chandos-Devereux."

"She couldn't yet, you know," drawled another. "Some people think it odd for her to be in society at all now; but to marry six months after Devereux's death! No, no; I think I could condemn even the divine Calderon for such awful bad form as that."

"You will have good cause then," muttered Everest, as he turned away and stepped boldly up to Vera's carriage—"and she will not marry Chandos-Devereux's cousin."

Saint Leon had just handed Madame Latouche into the carriage, and was turning to perform the same office for Vera, when Everest came up.

"Ah, Mr. Everest!" said the girl coolly, without a change of countenance "Surely you were not in the hall? And I did not see you."

"No, I was passing by just now—I have been dining with a friend," returned Everest, nettled at the Count's somewhat haughty salute; "but you, I suppose, have been in the seventh heaven."

"Hapless man that you cannot enter into such a heaven," said Vera, in that half-ironical tone that always stung him, the more keenly that, while he felt it, he could not meet it in kind. "Now I must bid good-night, messieurs, for I must not keep madame waiting."

Was it from mere forgetfulness that she entered the carriage without shaking hands with Everest? He went up to the door, the Count courteously drawing back, and asked carelessly, as if the idea had just occurred to him, whether she would be at Mrs Gresham-Faulkner's on Wednesday.

"No," she said. "Shall you?"

"I think not. Good-night once more."

Mere commonplaces—a means to an end; he held out his hand this time. She was compelled to give him hers, and she wished she had not drawn off her glove. He took it, and, his back being to Saint Leon, and Madame Latouche on the other side of Vera, he grasped it, not hard enough to give pain, but with a pressure that seconded the look he fixed on her face—cruel, merciless, menacing. She read the full terrible meaning of eye and action, and, as she quietly drew her hand away—and he did not seek to detain it—she met his eyes with such a flash of fierce defiance in her own that his wavered, almost quailed, while a strange thrill shot through him. Would she dare, because Vivian was dead, to brave him to the last?

"M. de Saint Leon," said Vera's sweet contralto, steady and clear, without a quiver in it, "I have not bid you adieu."

Everest raised his hat and turned away, gnawing his lips. His hated touch, then, must be effaced by Saint Leon's!

Saint Leon knew too, though only partially, why she gave him her hand once more That hand trembled now as he clasped it closely in his own, and, stooping, pressed his lips to it.

"Good night," he said softly. "*Au revoir.*" And so his clasp and his kiss were the last on her hand.

But, as the carriage drove off, she clenched it till the blood almost forced itself under the delicate nails; and set her teeth in stern resolve. "He shall never pollute this hand again," she said grimly in her heart. "It is war to the knife now. He has thrown down the gage; the blow will follow. I am ready for the battle—and I shall conquer!"

CHAPTER XLVI.

ONLY M. de Saint Leon, and one or two others?" said Florrie Morton dubiously.

She sat in a low chair by the fire in Vera's dressing room, at five o'clock on the Wednesday afternoon, and close by stood the little table with the dainty service of Sevres Florrie was still in deep mourning. Vera sat opposite her, her right hand playing nervously with her watch-chain. She too was in black, though without any crape—some soft lustreless stuff that fell in flowing lines about her, but, being almost unrelieved by white, gave an added sombreness to the profound and smileless melancholy of her features, and rendered even more striking the pallor of cheek and brow.

"Yes," she answered rather listlessly—she was looking into the fire, and did not move her gaze as she spoke—"would you rather not come down?"

Florrie paused a moment.

"As it will be nothing like a party, I will come," she then said.

Vera lifted her black eyes and surveyed Florrie's mourning garments, and leaned back, with a strange half sneer creeping over her lips; and, as she moved, the brilliant on her finger—Vivian's betrothal ring—caught a reflection from the coals and flashed red fire into Florrie's eyes, making her start. Vera glanced down at the ring carelessly—it seemed so—and then clasped both hands over her thick mass of curls, and so sat, looking at Florrie, still with the ironical curve on her lips. Florrie at first was too amazed to do anything but gaze back at her singular companion; but her look sank at length before the steady stare of the other's large weird eyes that seemed, while they penetrated her companion's soul, to be seeing something beyond her. The girl grew nervous as if under a spell. What was to come to Vera, that she looked so, and assumed even an attitude that expressed a *nonchalance* she could not feel?

Suddenly Vera dropped her hands upon her knee, and leaned forward.

"I frightened you, did I?" she said, and laughed. "It is odd in me, isn't it? I am forgetting him, am I not? Falling in love with his cousin perhaps? Why not? He is very like him, is he not?"

"Vera!" said Florrie, under her breath. She could add no more.

"I left a sentence unfinished," went on Vera, as if her friend had not spoken. "It is odd in me, I mean, to go into society again so soon—or at all, some would say—at least, within ten years; but people don't break their hearts nowadays as they used to do, even though the man we love is falsely accused, and has to fly his country, and dies all alone in a foreign land, and we cannot go to lay flowers on his grave, for no man knows where it is, and——But never mind; I have made you cry."

Poor Florrie, sorely perplexed and troubled, had indeed burst into tears. Vera watched her for a moment in gloomy silence, and the bitter mockery had passed from her face, from her voice, when she spoke again.

"I am not going mad, Florrie. I wish sometimes that I were. Do you think me heartless? Do you believe that I am forgetting Vivian? No; you need not deny it"—for Florrie looked up with a quick gesture—"you could not so wrong me—wrong me, I said!" She rose suddenly, with a passionate movement, dashing back her long robe. "How could you wrong me? You do not know me. You do not know the life I am living, the fever that consumes me. I must have excitement—I cannot be alone—I cannot think! Oh, Heaven"—wringing her hands—"I cannot bear this burden; it weighs me down, crushes me!"

Florence had risen; and, as Vera spoke those strange words, she grasped her dress.

"What do you mean?" she said, in a terrified whisper. "Are you talking at random? Do you know what you say?"

Vera paused, and as suddenly as the storm of passion had swept over her it passed away.

"I know what I said," she answered wearily and quite calm; "but I have made you unhappy. Forgive me, Florrie. What is it Longfellow says?—

"'And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The restless heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest.'

—I can't complete the passage, for the second part will not apply to me; but it is not often I let the tide rise over the barriers; it shall not happen again."

"Vera, dear Vera"—Florrie clasped the soft hand in hers—"if I could only comfort you! I wish you would weep, Vera—anything but speak in that terrible mocking way."

"I will not any more, Florrie," responded the girl gently and sadly. "Comfort? Ah, no—no human being could give it to such as I am!"

"Vera, you have done no wrong!"

Vera drew her hand away from the warm clasp, and moved the chair from which she had risen farther back from the fire, turning aside to do this, and so averting her face from her friend—and Florrie remembered even this slight circumstance a few days later. When Vera spoke, it was in her usual manner, ignoring Florrie's wondering exclamation.

"It is getting late, Florrie. Jeanne will come for you in a minute. The world is exacting, isn't it?" She gave the footstool a careless push with her foot, and sat down again, and Florrie felt that the subject was dismissed.

"I shall come back before I go down," she said wistfully, as she turned slowly towards the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNREST.

BY B. D.

In the youth of the year, when the birds were building,
When the green was showing on tree and hedge,
And the tenderest light of all lights was gilding
The world from zenith to outermost edge,
My soul grew sad, and longingly, lonely,
I sighed for the season of sun and rose;
And I said in the Summer, and that time only,
Lies sweet contentment and blest repose.

With bee and bird for her maids of honor,
Came Princess Summer in robes of green;
And the King of Day smiled down upon her,
And wooed and won her and made her Queen.
Fruit of their union and true love's pledges,
Beautiful roses bloomed day by day,
And rambled in gardens and hid in hedges,
Like royal children in sportive play.

My restless soul for a little season
Revelled in rapture, and glow and bloom;
But soon, like a subject who harbors treason,
Grew full of rebellion and gray with gloom;
And I said I am sick of the Summer's blisses,
Of warmth and beauty, and nothing more;
The full fruition my sad soul misses
That bounteous Autumn holds in store.

But now, when the colors are almost blinding,
Burning and blending on bush and tree,
And the rarest fruits are mine for the finding,
And the year is as ripe as a year can be,
My soul complains in the same old fashion;
Blown about in my troubled breast
Are the same old longings, the same old fashion—
Oh, where lies the treasure that men call rest?

Grace's Hair.

BY S. L. M.

I WAS just twenty-two when I first met Grace Eversleigh. It was at a ball, of which she was undoubtedly the belle. She was fair, tall, and graceful. But her chief beauty was in her exquisite hair, which was of the purest, pale, golden hue, and so luxuriant that the fair young head appeared to bend beneath its weight. In whatever way it was arranged, whether in heavy braids almost as thick as my arm, or in silken, massive coils, or in curls that fell below the slender waist, or left to flow unbound, rippling down like a golden glory, it was always the most wonderful hair I had ever seen. I raved of Grace's hair by day, I dreamed of it by night. "The hair one, with the golden locks," I whispered in her blushing ear.

I and my sister Alice were orphans, and had lived together until about a year before my story opens, when Alice was married. Alice was different in character from myself; she was less imaginative, and more practical. She did not share my enthusiasm for Grace.

"Take care! Take care!" she said. "All is not gold that glitters."

It was a happy moment, when, after many a jealous pang caused by rival admirers, I heard her low "Yes," in response to my ardent protestations of love, and my offer of my hand. Alice, when I told her, the next day, made me, for the first time in my life, angry with her, for she called me a blind fool, and said I had thrown myself and my fortune away on one who was both false and artificial. But my anger was soothed by the warmth with which the Eversleighs, one and all, received me. Old Mr. Eversleigh, after he had ascertained that popular report had not exaggerated the extent of my income, shook me enthusiastically by the hand, and declared that I was a "son-in-law after his own heart." His wife took me to her maternal bosom, bestowing on me a salutation with which I could have willingly dispensed. I was kissed, blessed, and shaken hands with by all the aunts, uncles, and cousins; and people in general felicitated me upon being the happiest of men.

Alice, much as she disliked Miss Eversleigh, said she would call upon her. At this, I forgave my sister all.

"When you know Grace better, you will get over your prejudices," I remarked, as we drove to Mr. Eversleigh's.

We were kept some time waiting in the parlor before Grace made her appearance. In the meantime, Nellie, her youngest sister, a child of six, came in, to make my sister's acquaintance. Alice was exceedingly fond of children. So the little one was soon established upon her knee, amusing her with her childish prattle.

"What a pretty curl you have!" she cried, admiringly. "Can you take it off?"

"No, dear," answered Alice, laughingly. "Not unless I cut it off; it grows upon my head."

"Grows!" the child repeated. "How strange! Why, some people can take theirs off at night, and put it away in a drawer."

Alice gave me a malicious glance; but just then Grace, a deep frown upon her fair brow, entered. I could not understand why she spoke so sharply to Nellie, and immediately sent her from the room. Alice did not enlighten me, merely remarking, when we had left the house, that Miss Grace Eversleigh's angelic attributes appeared to exist only in my imagination.

"Certainly, the conduct of that innocent child was anything but angelic," she added when she saw how little impression she had made on me.

The days of engagement passed swiftly on. Alice's constant sneers only heightened my passion. Every hour I became more in love. Grace's maiden dignity increased the effect of her charms. Often I attempted to twine her silken curls around my finger, to toy with those golden, rippling waves; but I was always repulsed with a coy sweetness that left me more deeply infatuated than ever.

I was excessively fond of riding on horseback; so my first present to Grace was a beautiful horse; and almost every day we took long rides together. She was a graceful equestrian, and never looked better than in the saddle. She rode fearlessly, too; and this also made me prouder of her.

One day, as we rode together, I noticed that her hair was arranged with even more effect than usual. I complimented her on it, saying that I detested anything stiff or artificial in the arrangement of a lady's hair.

"Yes," she answered, sweetly; "I have such a quantity of hair, I scarcely know how to hold it up. Sometimes I think I will be obliged to cut half of it off. Many girls, as you, perhaps, know, do not scruple even to wear false hair; but this appears to me to be contrary to the purity and dignity of womanhood. A true woman could not seek admiration and notice by adorning herself with borrowed ornaments. Mamma has always taught us the natural, above all things."

I was delighted with the admirable sentiments. They coincided exactly with my own. I looked at her again. Never had she been so beautiful. The close habit of blue cloth displayed the rounded form to its fullest perfection. Exercise had brought a vivid flush to the fair cheek, a bright light to the soft, blue eye. The jaunty black hat, with its waving plume, just shaded the sweet face; and the sun, shining full upon her hair, caused it to look like living gold. I became enthusiastic. I could hardly find words vivid enough to express my admiration.

Suddenly Miss Eversleigh grew deadly pale, trembled, and raised her hand to her head.

"I think—I think," she gasped, "that my hair is falling!"

I was rather glad of the chance to see her glorious hair, in all its splendor, flowing down her back, and was about to say so, when her now evidently excessive annoyance checked my tongue.

"Do not be alarmed. I will hold Selim while you arrange it," I suggested, at last. "No one will pass; take your own time."

Pale and breathless, and more agitated than ever, she endeavored to restrain the flowing profusion of her tresses. But in vain. Her hair, half unbound, fell upon her shoulders like a golden cloud. But it did not stop there. Was I mad, or dreaming? The glittering braids and waving curls suddenly shot downward, and the next moment lay upon the ground, almost beneath black Selim's hoofs.

I looked at Grace in amazement. Confusion was written on every feature of her face. In place of the profusion of braids, which had crowned her graceful head, was one little yellow wisp, to which the description given by the French lady of her friend's hair, "two hairs, two inches long," might be applied. I was irresistibly reminded of a plucked fowl, and could hardly keep from laughing.

I understand it all now. My fair one's golden locks were only her own, inasmuch as she had paid for them. Beautiful? Bah! She was hideous in my eyes.

Without a word, I raised the locks, the very touch of which caused me to shudder. Without a word, she pinned them to her head.

Then we turned our horses' heads homeward. Without a word, we parted; and from that day to this I have never seen Grace Eversleigh, or her golden hair.

The battle of Torgau, fought by Frederick the Great in 1760, is well known to have been one of the most murderously contested actions which has ever taken place, but until lately no trustworthy enumeration has ever been given of the killed, wounded and missing on either side. In the last number of the *Militar Wochenblatt* the organ of the German general staff, carefully prepared tables are published of the losses suffered by the several Prussian regiments of cavalry and battalions of infantry engaged, and from these it appears that the fifty nine battalions that took part in the action, and which numbered altogether 26 000 officers and men, lost a total of 15 650 officers and men, or about 60 per cent. of their aggregate effective. In the thirty-nine battalions which fought under the personal direction and immediate orders of the King, the proportion of losses was even greater, so that, after the action, the five battalions of grenadiers had to be formed into one battalion; the remnants of six battalions of two other regiments being also temporarily organized into one battalion. Of the 26 000 infantry soldiers who went into action, 3 500 were killed, 7,956 were wounded, and 3 130 were reported as missing.

George Francis Train has relinquished for years the use of meat, tea and coffee and stimulants of all kinds, and lives a singularly pure and abstemious life, as strictly ascetic as any monk of old, only instead of shutting himself up in a cell he lives out-of-doors. He is the picture of health.

In Autumn.

BY B. B.

IN an early season of life I saw Ruth. When my eyes first fell upon her countenance, it seemed a daylight dream. She was as a Grace in her father's home. In my memory she is still pictured; slight, delicate, fair, but flushed with flitting tints of carnation. Her figure was moulded to realize the soft dignity of her demeanor; her head, classical in shape, wore, with its dawn bright tresses in Grecian braids, an air of gentle pride; and in her eyes—mild as the eyes of a young saint wishing for heaven—all her maidenly emotions were expressed.

I loved Ruth soon; it was to me the best joy of life to be with her—sweeter to hear her voice than to listen to the saddest music, for it came to my ear charged with holier melody. In her there was not alone the beauty of the sculptured Eve. The painter's glory was truly on her face.

When I knew that I loved Ruth, I was candid to myself. I looked through a long future, and confided in my own faith. Hope laid many seeds in the ground, and I expected them all to flower. But I long hid these thoughts. Alone I counted over my visionary joys. Without willing it, I was more apparently indifferent to Ruth than to most other friends. I seldom spoke, except on common topics, to her; she, however, conversed much with me, and we were often together. When she discovered my fondness, her first feeling was one of anger; but anger softened into sorrow. What I never in plain words desired, she could not in words deny; but as my love was known without being told, so her rejection of it was kindly but unequivocally clear.

Still, buoyant as I was in heart, free in spirit, with an imagination coloring all things brilliantly, I was not beggared in hope. I sorrowed, but desponded never. I vainly, indeed, repined over the past, but I vaguely counted on the future. At last, without a confession in form, I expressed the sentiment which ruled me. Ruth, whose thoughts all moved on the high level of virtue, desired to spare me more grief, but scarcely knew how. No one knew my love for her. The intercourse of our families was so constant that they almost seemed combined into one. She could not go from me, and I would not stay from her. When she spoke of parting as the best, I begged her so sorrowfully to let me remain among her common friends, that she consented.

And the days passed, and the months and years. And still I loved, and Ruth owned no love for me. When in society she was to me as to others, frank and friendly; but when alone, she was serious and cold. But I saw that she was not unmoved by my devout affection. I troubled her repose. I saw her sometimes looking at me with an earnest, wondering look, as though her own heart was questioning itself, and I felt, with exulting delight, that after these moments she was more freely affectionate.

At last she was parted from her home for awhile. She went to a distance. I yearned for her return. But as her absence was prolonged, it was less painful. I felt a more patient passion. She came back. By her first inquiring look I knew she sought to discover what influence our separation had produced on me. And when I looked back love into her eyes, I saw she smiled.

Soon after, we seriously conversed. I wrote her a letter; she replied, and once more begged me, besought me, once more to consider whether it would not be better to leave her, for my own sake; she did not say for hers.

One day I saw her in her father's garden; she was alone. A purple autumn evening hushed all the world. It was a scene of poetry, perfumed with the last sweets of the flowering season. I met Ruth on a lawn, such as fancy might picture, bright with Boccaccio's vigils—of virgins fair as moonlight, dancing amid the lilies and the dew, floating their blond locks in the clear air, and waving in a fairy line to the music of golden flutes. In Ruth's soft smile there was a welcome. She gave me her hand, but spoke nothing. I looked into her conscious face. I said, with a throbbing at my heart, "I have come to you, Ruth."

As I spoke, I saw a flush mantling to her very brow.

"Then you will stay with me!" she replied, in a very low tone.

I answered, "I must stay with you, if I live. Ruth, I will stay with you for ever."

I gazed again into her countenance.

A light—deeper, richer, more rosy than a July sunset—glowed through delicate flushes on her cheek; it played in a golden smile on her lip; it passed like an angelic dream over her brow; it came like morning into the blue orbs that now were suffused with no sorrowful tears. Her face, till then colorless as a snowdrop, flushed as a snowdrop might flush in the red evening, still pale, but with paleness seen through rosy air. I saw that her bosom rose and fell, and I looked once more into her eyes, and through their deep violet serenity. I saw the young love born like a new star just trembling into heaven; and she fell upon my neck; I embraced her to my bosom, and without a spoken word the bond of betrothal was between us.

Strange freak of human nature! Surprise and fear started in my feelings when I found that, clasping Ruth to my breast, I was not stirred by those stormy emotions which moved me when, in days past, she sat far from my side. I was conscious of a cold mood; I tried to think I was happy; I assured myself of my own delight. But doubt as I might, wonder as I might, sorrow as I might, I could not but confess to myself that I had won this maiden's love when my own had begun to wane.

Yes—for at that moment, when I pressed Ruth to my heart, my thoughts wandered back off to a certain Marion Wilde, a damsel with golden hair. I was startled by the consciousness. I refused to believe. Surely I was unchanged. I would not admit the thought; yet my emotions would move in their own sphere. I pleased myself with the memory of the golden locked one, while I forbade myself to dwell on the idea of her. I resolved to be faithful to Ruth, but I knew my heart was already false because it needed a resolve.

This, for awhile went on. I saw Ruth often; I knew more of her goodness; I measured more proudly the worth of her noble mind; I saw more than ever that she was created to be loved; and yet I loved her less. I said, indeed, not a word of my change, and I was sincere in my determination not to change. I would love Ruth.

But I delighted to meet Marion, persuading myself, by the casuistry of self justification, that she was no more than a Platonic friend—most fatal term, which covers a multitude of sins! I dared to be jealous of her. Marion belonged to entirely another circle to that which Ruth formed the grace; and thus my folly favored. I was loving Marion without intending to win her. I had won Ruth without continuing to love her.

Whispers, however, came to her, and in her simplicity she asked me, without reserve, whether I was affianced. Sad Marion! Her countenance, which had shown as the young moon, now paled as the moon pales when triumphant sunlight flushes the sky all around. But that light was darkness to her; and I saw I had injured a good heart. I had done a double wrong; for I had loved her, and loving her, would not accept the love she gave to me. Ruth I had wooed while I loved her, and won when I loved her no more.

As the sole atonement I could make, I told this to Ruth. She listened, and I knew from her face—at first surprised into anguish, but then shaded by a proud, indignant calm—that a sickness had fallen on her heart. The paleness spread even into her eyes; dejection drooped in her lashes, quivering with tears too piteous to fall. No reproach passed through her cold lips; but in their pallor—in one upward look—in her countenance, in her form—what a winter of well-merited reproaches came rigorous and chill about me!

The whole current of my former love poured out afresh. I implored, and spared no plea, that Ruth would forgive me, and forget the past. She owed it to me, she said, to pardon me; but she owed it to me also, as to herself, to remember my broken faith. I was forbidden to think of her more. It was better we should part.

So we parted. Ruth had few words to say, for she could not soothe, and she would not upbraid me. And I lost Ruth, and did not gain Marion. Worse than all other reflections was the consciousness that I had invoked this treble sorrow into the world. A virtuous will has almost the power of a fate; but they who would be happy in the enjoyment of an intense, exalted, supreme desire, must never for a moment fail in truth. One false act made a desert for me, and I am compelled to live in it alone. I hear that Ruth is still the one whom I loved; and if my memory is ever revived to her, kindly I know will she think of me. Marion is blithe again; for her heart, free from its regrets, wakes always with the spring, and all the leaves of autumn are swept away when June flowers again in the valleys.

But I sit in the shade of a willow, and perhaps it is not only in dreams that I imagine myself once more restored to happiness in the redeemed love of Ruth. In autumn she gave it to me; in autumn I lost it. Perhaps on some coming autumn eve it may be restored to me.

MARRIAGE.—Girls do not realize that marriage either makes or mars two lives. But it does; therefore choose your partner carefully. Do not marry a man who has only his love for you to recommend him. That is very fascinating, but it does not make the man. If he is not otherwise what he should be, you will never be happy. The most perfect man that did not love you should never be your husband; but, though marriage without love is terrible, love only will not do it. If this man is dishonorable to other men, or mean, or given to any vice, the time will come when you will either loathe him or sink to his level. It is hard to remember, amid kisses and praises, that there is anything else in the world to be done or thought of but love-making; but the days of life are many; and the husband must be a guide to be trusted—a companion, a friend, as well as a lover. M. S.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.

BY A. C. G.

We love each other; God alone
To whom each secret thought is known,
Who gauges every heart, can tell
How truly we two loved—how well.
Born to the plodding ways of toil,
No vain ambitions came to spoil
The peaceful tenor of the fate
That shaped us to our low estate.

And with the checkered years' increase
Fair children grew about our knees,
And prattling tongues, and pattering feet,
Made all life's burdens light and sweet.
And so the days went by; and so
We saw the roses come and go,
And easing toil with thankful song,
Knew not our tasks were sore and long.

But one by one our nestlings tried
Their wings in flight; and far and wide
Our pretty flock was scattered—save
Our one ewe lamb—yon tiny grave
Grass-grown, and overrun with flowers,
Keeps our sole darling wholly ours—
The little child with sunny hair
Who never grew beyond our care.

Then mother drooped and pined; ah, me!
The restless hands so frail to see,
Missed their accustomed tasks; and aye
The house grew stiller day by day,
Till that dread silence that must fall
Alike on cot and palace hall—
The mystery of bated breath,
And sealed eyes, that we call death—
The sleep God giveth to His own—
Touched her—and I am left alone.

The Golden Light.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

ONE August afternoon a girl sat alone on a rustic seat beneath the trees in the garden of Oakland. She was slight and small, with a delicate pale face, and large dark eyes which looked steadily before her instead of at the knitting in her quick fingers

Presently another sound was added—a foot-step; and then a gentleman appeared. He stopped before the girl, and raising his hat, said, "I beg pardon, but may I ask if Mrs Janes is at home?"

The girl turned her intense eyes towards the sound, and said. "No, sir. She went out for a drive, and will not return till dinner. Will you wait for her?"

"Thank you, yes," he answered.

She rose to lead the way to the house, but he stopped her.

"Pardon me, but if you will permit me, I would rather wait here till my aunt returns."

"Your aunt!" and the large eyes looked at him questioningly. "Then I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Janes?"

He bowed.

"The same at your service. Am I wrong in calling you Miss Leitch?"

"Indeed you are giving me an honor to which I have no right. My cousin Blanche went with aunt to drive. My name is Reed; a strange one to you, is it not?"

"It is; but I hope it will not be so long. It seems my aunt has prepared a double pleasure for me."

He stopped abruptly as he saw Miss Reed slowly extend her hand before her till it touched the chair she had just risen from, and then passed it quickly over it, before she sat down. Too well-bred to show his surprise, he took another seat, and was silent till she said, "Aunt will be very sorry she was not here to welcome you, Mr. Janes, but she did not expect you till to-morrow."

"Yes, that was the day I appointed. I believe; but my friends tell me that I never kept an appointment in my life."

A ball of worsted fell from her lap and rolled to his feet. He picked it up and handed it to her Her eyes were looking steadily at him, but she did not notice the wool. He drew it back and said, "Thank you; I will keep it in memory of our meeting." And without waiting for her to reply, he continued, "To what lucky chance am I indebted for this pleasure, Miss Reed? How could you be indifferent to the charms of a drive this delightful afternoon?"

A quick spasm of pain passed over her face; and then she replied, "I would not be a very desirable companion on an excursion like the one they are taking this afternoon. It has pleased God to veil from me the visible beauty of His works."

Her voice trembled, and her eyes grew deeper.

Janes drew his breath quickly. He looked at her a second, and then the truth burst upon him. She was blind! A cold shiver ran over him; and had a third person appeared at that moment, he would have said that his were the moister eyes of the two. He tried to say something; but no fitting thought would come at his bidding. and the silence lasted till Miss Reed said, "I feel that the sun is sinking lower. They will soon be at home. Listen! is not that the sound of wheels?"

Janes bent his ear, but heard nothing. She smiled.

"No, I suppose not. It is too faint for your ears. There! You can hear it now, can you not?"

He heard it; and in a few moments a carriage rolled up the avenue, and Mrs Janes alighted from it. She cast a look of uncertainty on her nephew, but in a second it changed to a smile of welcome.

"Mortimer," she said, extending both hands, "is it indeed you? Welcome home once more! Why did you not tell me to expect you to-day? Have you been waiting long? I am so sorry!"

"Do not distress yourself, my dear aunt," replied Mortimer; "I have been waiting but a short time, and Miss Reed has entertained me delightfully."

"Ethel? Oh, yes, I am very glad she was here Blanche, my dear." She turned to a tall auburn-haired girl, who had followed her from the carriage. "This is my nephew, Mortimer Janes; my niece, Miss Leitch."

Miss Leitch bent her pretty head, and Mortimer responded: "Miss Leitch has been an ideal friend so long, that it is hard to believe I at least see her in the flesh."

Miss Leitch lifted her delicate brows.

"Please get accustomed to the fact as soon as possible, Mr. Janes. I have no ambition to be identified with the spiritual for some time yet."

'Consequently, you must know that it is nearly dinner time, Blanche," said her aunt. 'Come, Mortimer, let us go in-doors." Mortimer was late at dinner that day; not that he had not plenty of time for his toilette, but he loitered at it, pondering over the last few hours and Ethel Reed. Who was she? His aunt's niece he knew; he had never heard her name before, but he well knew. And that evening, after listening faithfully for an hour to Blanche's sweetest songs and Blanche's most brilliant wit, Mortimer sauntered to his aunt's side to ask about Ethel.

"Ethel? Yes, poor child. We are all very fond of her. Her affliction is indeed terrible. She is my sister's daughter. She is a queer child; solitary in her habits. But we all love her. Blanche, dear, sing that last new song for Mortimer; I know he will like it."

And thus with singing, and dancing, and boating, and fishing, the time rolled by, and Mortimer saw but little of Ethel. He hovered round Blanche constantly, and Mrs. Janes was congratulating herself that her darling wish would be gratified. when one day Mortimer was brought home senseless and bleeding, in consequence of a fall from his horse. They laid him on his bed, and grave-faced doctors worked over him for hours before suspended life was restored; and then it broke forth in delirium.

For ten days he hovered between life and death. His aunt and Ethel watched beside him, while Blanche moped in the parlor a useless mass of nerves and *ennui*. It was wonderful what instinct guided the blind girl to the sick-chamber. At last the change came, and the doctor said that Mortimer Janes would live. He was weak and helpless as a babe, but reason was restored; and when the first ray of its light shone from his eyes, Ethel crept away "to rest," she said.

"What has become of Miss Reed?" he asked suddenly, one day.

"Blanche dropped her book.

"Ethel? Why, she's in the house somewhere, I suppose."

"Why doesn't she ever come to see me?" he asked.

"I don't know. Probably she doesn't like invalids? you know they are not the most delightful companions."

"I wonder if one can remember what happens in delirium, or if I only dreamed it."

"Dreamed what?"

"That Miss Reed watched over me during the first part of my illness?"

'No; you didn't dream that. She watched while you were delirious, but left you as soon as you became conscious. Shall I continue my reading, or are you tired?"

"Not at all. Please go on," and he leaned back and closed his eyes.

A week passed, and Mortimer threw aside the dressing gown and abdicated the arm chair. A large party was to be given by a friend. Mortimer was not strong enough to attend, but he insisted upon his aunt and Blanche's going; and at last they consented. He watched them drive down the avenue, and then went into the parlor. He took a book and sat down; but he did not feel inclined to read, and was carelessly turning over the leaves, when a light footfall sounded; and looking up, he saw Ethel enter. She advanced a few steps, and then feeling the magnetic influence of another presence, she stopped and half turned to go back; but Mortimer said, "Pray don't retire, Miss Reed; rather take pity on my loneliness. Permit me to lead you to a seat."

He went towards her.

"Thank you; no, I cannot stay."

"Can I get anything for you," he asked as she half turned, and then hesitated.

"No," she replied, with a half-sad smile; and then added, in a lighter tone, "We all have our dull fits sometimes. To night the spirit seized me, and I thought I would try to exercise it with music. It is one of my follies."

"If that be folly, may I never be wise," replied he. "I, too, have a dark spirit to night, Miss Reed. Have pity on me, and open the piano."

"No, no; not that."

And light as a shadow, she glided across the room, and seated herself at the harp Mortimer followed her, and watched with earnest eyes the little white hands sweep over the strings. A few sad chords floated through the room, and then, looking far beyond her with her slightest orbs, she sang "Mignon."

The low echo died away; Mortimer came and leaned on the harp.

"Miss Reed,"—those deep eyes were raised to his.—"Miss Reed, I have wished for a long time to thank you for your kindness during my illness."

"Pray do not, Mr. Janes, I did nothing worthy of thanks."

"But you did. You bore the burden of it all."

She smiled; this time a little bitterly.

"Thank you Mr. Janes; but I am not worthy of such great interest." Her face was white and weary."

"Miss Reed, can it be that you are mortal? Do you never rebel against your cross?"

She looked at him Her eyes sparkled now, and her cheeks flushed.

"Do I never rebel? Do you think, that because I bow to the inevitable, because I know that God does all for the best, that I can stifle all nature within me? That I can know the beauty of life around me, and not long for it? The wealth of love that is showered on other women; and not yearn for it? Rebel! Father, give me strength to conquer rebellion, and to endure patiently!"

She rose quickly from the harp, and before he could speak a word, she was gone.

Summer fled, and the crimson tints of autumn began to glow. The party at Oakland was to separate on the morrow. Blanche was to return home, and Mrs. Janes was to take Ethel back to her uncle. Mortimer was still with them. His health was perfectly restored. He still played the devoted knight to Blanche, but his heart and fortune was still his own. He, too, would go somewhere on the morrow; but whither he would wend his way he had not stated. Blanche fondly hoped he would accompany her home, to address her under her father's roof

The farewell dinner was over. Mrs. Janes was occupied by her last household duty, and Blanche with her trunks. Mortine sat alone on the lawn, wrapped in the smoke of a fragrant Havana. Suddenly the soft notes of the harp broke on the night air, and then a low voice sang "Mignon"

Mortimer rose and walked gently into the room. In the dusky light he saw Ethel at the harp. Her head was bowed, and he saw a tear glisten on her dress. Lower and more tremulous grew her voice, and when she uttered the last "Farewell, farewell," she bent her head in her hands and sobbed.

In a moment Mortimer was at her side, and bending low over her whispered, "Will you indeed go with me, my darling?"

And Ethel rested her tired head on his strong shoulder, while over her darkness broke love's golden light.

TAKING COLD.—A cold is necessarily the result of a low or high temperature. A person may go from a hot bath directly into a cold one, or in snow even, and not take cold. He may remain out in the coldest atmosphere until chilled through, and still not take cold. On the contrary, he may take cold by pouring a couple of table spoonfuls of water upon some part of his dress, or by standing in a door, or before a fire, or by sitting near a window or other opening, where one part of the body is colder than another part. Let it be kept in mind that uniformity of temperature over the whole body is the great thing to be looked after. It is the unequal heat upon different parts of the body that produces colds, by disturbing the uniform circulation of the blood, which in turn induces congestion of some part. If you must keep a partially wet garment on, it would perhaps be as well to wet the whole of it uniformly. The feet are the great source of colds, on account of the variable temperature they are subjected to. Keep these always dry and warm, and avoid draughts of air, hot or cold, wet spots on the garments, and other direct causes of unequal temperature, and keep the system braced up by plenty of sleep, and the eschewing of debilitating foods and drinks, and you will be proof against a cold and its results.

WOMAN'S WORK:—Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband, when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children To know that her husband loves her, and is proud of her, and believes in her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face to one, at least, is the fairest face in all the world; and the heart, which to her is the greatest and noblest, holds her sacred in its inmost recesses above all women, gives her a strength, and courage, and sweetness, and vivacity, which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and her heart and mind will never grow old, but will blossom, and sweeten, and brighten in perpetual youth. M. S.

Six million five hundred thousand California salmon eggs have gone to Chicago for distribution, including some to be forwarded to Europe. Eighty thousand California salmon have recently been put into the James river from Virginia hatcheries.

Scientific and Useful.

THE PROTECTION OF IRON.—For the protection of iron exposed to the weather from rust, a varnish composed as follows is recommended: One hundred parts mercury, 10 parts tin, 20 parts green vitriol, 120 parts water, and 15 parts hydrochloric acid of 1.2 specific gravity.

ARTIFICIAL ASPHALT.—Coal or wood tar heated in a boiler until all the water it may contain is evaporated. Then add finely powdered marble or limestone that has been previously burned, stir in 8 per cent. of iron oxide, silicate of potash, and gypsum, and mix the whole thoroughly.

PAPER LEAD PENCILS.—Some firm in Germany is attempting to substitute paper for wood in the manufacture of lead-pencils. The paper is steeped in an adhesive liquid, and rolled round the core of lead to the required thickness. After the paper gets dry it is colored, and it resembles, when finished, an ordinary cedar pencil.

GLASS WICKS.—Wicks made of spun glass have been tried in lamps, and it is said they do very well It is stated that they supply the petroleum, oil or alcohol to the flame with more steadiness than the ordinary wick; that they secure a clear and pure light at a less expense of fuel; and that they diminish the usual unpleasant odor.

CURE OF CORNS.—A sure cure for soft corns is to dip a piece of soft linen rag into turpentine and wrap it around the corn; wet the corn night and morning, and in a few days it will disappear. But the relief to the throbbing, burning pain comes almost immediately after the first or second application. Wear cotton between the toes, and the corns will not reappear.

PURIFIERS.—For fumigation (that is, the purification of an infected atmosphere), roll-sulphur; for sewers, cesspools, and the like, sulphate of iron (copperas), dissolved in water in the proportion of one and a half pounds to the gallon; for clothing, bed-linen, etc., sulphate of zinc and common salt in the proportion of four ounces of sulphate and two ounces of salt to the gallon.

BALDNESS AND GRAYNESS.—Both baldness and grayness depend on defective powers of the scalp skin, and are to be treated alike. What is needed is moderate stimulation, without any irritation. The following is good: Rub into the bare places daily, or even twice a day, a liniment of camphor, ammonia, chloroform, and aconite, equal parts each. The friction should be very gentle.

NEW MACHINE GUN.—A new machine-gun, named after its inventor, the Nordenfeldt, has been tried with a view to use in the navy, being specially intended to repel the attacks of torpedo boats. It has four barrels placed side by side, each of which discharges a bullet of about half a pound weight, that penetrates steel plates from three-quarters to one inch in thickness, at a distance of one hundred yards. The cartridges are made of gun-cotton, and are fired by means of electricity in a way not yet made known outside the official precinct.

A NEW ANTISEPTIC.—It is thus described: A double salt of borate of potassium and sodium, and is made by dissolving water in equal portions of chloride of potassium, nitrate of sodium, and boracic acid, filtering and evaporating to dryness. It does not give a bad taste to food. Butter may be kept sweet by it at ordinary temperatures for a week. Meat, game, etc., dipped in a weak solution remain pure for a long time. A piece of meat well rubbed with the salt, and laid away two years ago, is now in perfectly good condition. Eggs dipped in a solution of this antiseptic remain good for a long period.

Farm and Garden.

RACK FOR SHEEP.—A good and cheap rack in which to place fodder for sheep may be made of rough boards nailed at the corners, to scantlings. A good size is 10x12 feet. Two boards one foot wide with a space of nine inches between them, constitute the sides and ends. The edges of the boards next to the opening should be rounded to prevent injury to the necks of the sheep.

NEW MEXICAN CORN.—In New Mexico the colors of the grain are numerous—blue, yellow, white, and even jet black. Blue seems to be the predominant color, and it is esteemed by the natives as the richest of all, being almost universally used by them in making the tortilla or corn cake. This is the only shape in which they prepare Indian corn for the table.

CARE OF A LAWN.—To keep a lawn fresh and green, put on frequently a slight sprinkling of salt or bone dust, or superphosphate, or any good fertilizer. When the soil is soft, run the roller over; it helps the appearance greatly. The application of a little ground gypsum will also freshen up the grass. But, above all, never neglect to run the mowing-machine over frequently.

TRANSPLANTING FLOWERS.—In transplanting flowers that have roots large enough to admit of the practice, it is best to dip the roots, immediately before planting, into water. This will obviate the necessity of after-watering, and its consequent injurious effect. If the plants appear to flag, shade or put an inverted flower-pot over them for a few days; if this does not bring the plant to, it must have water.

MANURING FRUIT TREES.—There can be no doubt of the fact that judicious manuring of apple orchards will repay the labor, or that in the successful raising of the apple crop as much depends on proper manuring as other crops of the farm. And if it is the main object to obtain a good crop of hay, of course this manuring of orchards kills two birds with one stone; but we regret to say the stone is too seldom thrown, and orchards are allowed to shift for themselves; then when the crop fails, it is attributed to other causes which have no existence.

POULTRY.—A farmer who keeps hens should build a hennery for them, so arranged that it can easily be kept clean and well ventilated. In winter the temperature should be warm enough to prevent it from freezing—say from 45 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit. A supply of fresh water therein is of great importance; hens drink often if they can get water. Ground feed is best when eggs are wanted. Corn and wheat middlings form an excellent combination for food; but meat should be given them, by way of change, once or twice a week, if not oftener. With a large flock of poultry this is necessary. Nests should be made of fine straw instead of hay. Hens are pleased with a neat place for depositing their eggs, and seem to appreciate good care.

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 22, 1879.

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CHARACTER.

CHARACTER is largely determined by one's associations in life. There is no little force in the trite utterance that "a man's character is known by the company he keeps." In speaking of the influence of association upon men, an excellent writer observes, with as much truth as quaintness, "He who comes from the kitchen, smells of its smoke; he who adheres to a sect, has something of cant; the college air pursues the student, and dry inhumanity him who herds with literary pedants."

This is undoubtedly true. Persons generally reflect the spirit, and express in their characters the wisdom or folly, the virtues or vices, of their associates. As all associations of this nature are purely voluntary, every person indicates his taste for intellectual culture, social refinement, or moral improvement, or the contrary, by the characters of those he selects as his companions. Worse than no society at all—infinitely worse—is that of the vulgar and the vicious. Potent to any reflecting mind is the assertion that

"'Tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes."

The importance of a good character cannot be over estimated. Its bearing on individual happiness, not to speak of its influence on the well-being of others, is utterly inappreciable. The Book of all books declares that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and all experience but confirms the truth of the declaration. Riches are but temporary, as is the good they impart. Fame won, save in the cause of virtue, has no substantial basis. Power wields its sceptre but for a day. But a good name is a joy, a crown, an inheritance for ever! It can never die, because virtue is imperishable. Would we, reader, have a character yielding us the highest possible enjoyment in life, and such as shall live as an element of beauty and power after we are dead? Let us, then, build on virtue and goodness, and our fortunes will be made for both worlds—for this life, and that which is to come.

To retain or recover health, persons should be relieved from anxiety concerning disease. The mind has power over the body—for a person to think he has disease, will often produce that disease. This we see when the mind is intensely concentrated upon the disease of another. We have seen a person sea sick, in anticipation of a voyage, before reaching the vessel. A blindfolded man, slightly pricked in the arm, has fainted and died from believing he was bleeding to death. Therefore, persons well, to remain well, should be cheerful and happy; and sick persons should have their minds diverted as much as possible from themselves.

Life seems not a place in which we are to seek happiness alone, but one in which we are to seek earnestly to make as perfect as we may all the work committed to our care.

SANCTUM CHAT.

KING ALPHONSO had appointed his wedding for November 29, so that it should come on his birthday, but the 28th happens to be Friday this year, and the Archduchess Christine is troubled with the current Austrian superstition that Friday is an unlucky day, so at her express desire it was agreed that the date should be changed.

—

DR. JAGER, of Stuttgart, Germany, has been making a fresh investigation into the subject of the human nose. He finds that the human nose is the seat of the human soul, and that the workings of the latter are recorded on the surface of the former; also that by the use of certain volatilising chemicals in the nostrils specific traits of character can be produced or changed.

—

BISHOP FRAZER, of Manchester, complains that the English are falling into the educational vice of the Americans—that is to say, they are crowding too many studies into the schools. He thinks it does not matter so much how many things children learn, as that they should learn well what they do learn. In which opinion the judicious churchman is not alone, although the average American school committee will not agree with him.

—

PRESIDENT GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins, declares that the greatest growing educational evil in this country is the manner in which academic titles and degrees are conferred upon whoever chooses to apply and pay for them; during the past year, he says, twenty-four kinds of titles have been awarded by certain colleges. The Baltimore *Gazette* reports him as adding that the medical colleges are far more full of corruption in this respect than any other.

—

THE colored people of eastern North Carolina have a novel method of raising money at their protracted meetings, called "storming Jericho." They form a ring and walk around a table, at which the bishop sits. As they march, singing and shouting, they have to put money in his hat. When they go around for the seventh time a horn is blown, and at this signal they all fall down and lie as if dead, when at another given signal, they all rise and go through the same ceremony. The latter part is called the blowing of "Gabriel's horn," or the Judgment Day.

—

A RECENT French invention for decorating glass objects so as to produce metalized effects more or less varied, according to the composition of the glass, is announced. It is apparent that the process is applicable to a wide range of glass manufacture. One of the most beautiful of these effects is produced by inclosing a thin layer of gold leaf between two layers of glass, and subsequently expanding the glass so as to break up the gold into infinitesimal fragments, which, remaining disseminated throughout its mass, produces a most brilliant spangled effect, like that presented by the mineral substance known as aventurine.

—

PROFESSOR KLEBS, of Prague, announces that the benzoate of soda is the best antiseptic in all infectious diseases. It acts, as the experiments of the author show, very powerfully. It is claimed that a daily dose of from thirty to fifty grains to a full grown man will render the poison of diphtheria inoperative. The benzoate is prepared by dissolving crystalized benzoic acid in water, neutralizing at a slight heat with a solution of caustic soda, drying, and then allowing a solution to crystalize over sulphuric acid under a bell glass. Large doses do not appear to be absolutely necessary. Good results may be obtained by the administration of about ten grains.

—

IT is anticipated, rather anxiously, by the tea-importing interest of England that ere long the tea plant will be successfully and competitively cultivated in parts of the United States, all that is required being good tea plants from Asia, a warm, damp climate, and a rich soil. The difficulty would be that human labor, which must be applied to this particular cultivation, is cheap in China and Assam, and dear in this country, where human ingenuity has not yet contrived any labor saving machinery. Hoeing, weeding, and picking can scarcely be done except by hands, though drying and packing may. But it is certain that in many parts of our country tea of a choice description can be produced by open-air cultivation, just as it has been produced in the northeastern part of British India. In time, no doubt, we shall have American tea, good, and cheap, among our exports.

—

"FRENCH country hospitality," says a writer, "differs in many respects from English. More is made of each guest, and he or she is allowed greater personal liberty. Nobody is bound to come down to an early breakfast. The host and hostess are not expected to show themselves before the bell rings at eleven or half past eleven for dinner. If you see a lady muffled up walking in the grounds you are not to get in her way unless she comes toward you; and in walking with her you are not to offer her your arm. The reason she is to be avoided until she shows herself socially disposed, is based upon the supposition that she is not, perhaps made up for the day, and has, while the *femme de chambre* is preparing the war-paint and arranging the artificial tresses, run out with a *capeline* thrown on her head to enjoy the dewy freshness of morning. In France there is a well-bred fiction which is generally acted upon by millionaires, who invite you to their country seats. It is in accepting the invitation you do him the greatest honor. You may be as poor as Job, and known to be so, without in the slightest degree ceasing to benefit by the fiction; French society, when seen at its best, practices equality."

—

CORSICA, the land of the vendetta, has resolved to put an end, if possible, to the sanguinary family feuds which have stained its history from time immemorial. The noble example has been set by five families. During a municipal election in the Canton of Levie, two years ago, a violent controversy arose between the rival Bonapartists and Republicans. One of the members of the Republican Committee, a man named Peitri, was mysteriously shot at and killed. The brothers Nicoli, both Bonapartists, were arrested, but, as there was no conclusive evidence forthcoming, they were discharged. However, the outrage had aroused the blood of both parties, and the canton at length became so insecure in consequence that nobody ventured out of doors at night. Terror reigned throughout the localities, and the inhabitants never set aside their arms. The Prefect, assisted by the deputies for the island, at length resolved to try and arrange matters, and happily succeeded—at least for the moment. Delegates were appointed by both sides to wait on the contending families, and, after some discussion a treaty of peace was signed by them. This extraordinary document was ratified publicly in the presence of all the inhabitants.

—

THE echoes of society in Paris have been very busy with the name of the Countess de S—— R——, a brilliant member of the Italian colony resident in Paris. The lady in question has been brought up in an old place in the province, and, like some others of her sex, did not perceive the advantages of education, although she had as her professor an eminent churchman, under whose tuition more than one member of the Neapolitan aristocracy has graduated. She paid so little attention to the teachings of her professor that she can hardly scrawl her own name, and has barely learned to decipher printed books. Her husband has ungallantly betrayed her secret by telling his friends assembled at a dinner given by the Marquis de B——, that his wife was compelled to keep an amenuensis and a person to read to her. The Countess de S—— R—— would otherwise never have been suspected; her conversation is sprightly, and includes the topics of the day. She cannot, however, bear the sight of an open book, and a letter presented to her on a salver by a servant makes her tremble like an aspen leaf. Caligraphy and printing have the same effect upon her as a bunch of violets had on the Princess de Lamballe, who fainted away at the sight of the flowers.

—

IT is somewhat remarkable that the shape and cut of many habiliments in vogue when George the Third was King, is still to a great extent affected by a class least likely to be influenced by tradition. When Beau Brummel reigned as a leader of fas the man who aspired to be well dressed arrayed himself in a coat with a prodigiously high collar and a short waist. This waistcoat was supplemented with an under vest, the splendor of which contrasted with the snowy purity of his shirt front, and round his neck he wore so voluminous a white wrap that his chin was perked up several degrees above the natural angle; and his stiff shirt collars excoriated the lobes of his ears. This as regarded the upper portion of his body. The lower extremities were clad in tight-fitting knee breeches, with silken hose, and shoes with buckles. Since that time many different styles of masculine attire have prevailed, and endured their season, but, singular to relate, none has taken such a lasting hold on the lowest of the English laboring classes as that above described. The British coster-monger probably never heard of a Beau Brummel. If any one was to take the pains to enlighten him, such is the deeply rooted contempt implanted in the bosom of the individual in question for all things "toffish," that he would be the first man to treat with scorn the pretensions of the bygone exquisite of Bath, who once caught a violent cold through sitting in a room with a damp stranger. Nevertheless he, to a considerable extent, adopts the garb for which Mr. Brummel is held responsible.

—

Moscow society would appear to be just now considerably exercised by the suicide of one of its brightest ornaments, the young and lovely Countess Vera Koscheleff, who a short time ago suddenly disappeared from her palace in the old Russian capital, only two days after her solemn betrothal to Count Hermann, which had been celebrated with festive rejoicings upon an unusually magnificent scale. No one could imagine whither she had gone until her steward received a letter from her, written at her chateau in the Crimea, wherein she informed him that "she was going to bathe in the river running through her estate, and should not return alive from her bath." She also described the exact spot near where her body would be found in the water. Search was, of course, made with all possible promptitude, and it resulted in the discovery of the beautiful young Countess' corpse sewn up in a large straw sack and sunk in the river. The seams were found to be in the interior of the sack, proving that Vera Koscheleff had deliberately sewn herself up in the sack on the river bank, and then cast herself into the stream. In another letter, addressed to one of her uncles, and received by him some time after her death, she gave as her reason for enclosing herself in a sack previous to drowning herself, her extreme fear of crawfish and water beetles. Few stranger and more fantastic suicides have been recorded even in Russian annals of self destruction, which are exceptionally rich in grisly stories of this particular description.

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THE whirligig of fashion is bringing round an old-fashioned decoration, which has its merits. Ladies are wearying of monograms, and are adopting emblems and mottoes. The fourteenth and early sixteenth centuries were the time when fanciful emblems and mottoes flourished most abundantly. Besides his hereditary bearings every knight had some emblem of fantasy, and every lady her symbol, which might be changed at pleasure. When these were embroidered on dresses the effect was quaint and variegated, and gave each costume a kind of originality. Parisians have re-discovered this, and birds and mottoes are embroidered all over dresses. A well graced (and well puffed) actress, who is the reverse of stout in figure, appeared lately with the device of ravens on her array. Her rival, who is not slim, observed that "where the skeleton is the ravens are gathered together." Swallows are more common than the sombre bird of the Danish banner—perhaps to indicate that the wearer intends "flying south." Gold swallows are worn on a blue satin ground, though a naturalist might prefer to reverse the colors. Ladies of fashion, if the fashion prevails, will soon look as quaint as did Jacqueline de la Grange in her costume embroidered with pink eagles and black ducks, or Anne of Bohemia with the crowned ostrich. The mottoes may slip from writing paper into wider use, and poets once more style themselves on their title pages, "The banished." The old motto would serve many of the new poets very well, and the fashion will at least add some variety to existence, till the thing is overdone, and ceases to be an outward sign of inward mediævalism."

NONE LIVETH TO "HIMSELF."

BY HEMERA.

And dost thou murmur that thy work is lowly,
Thy power and influence naught;
That all around is earthborn and unholy,
Not worth one serious thought?

Beware that thou repinest not at the station
Thy God hath set for thee;
The humble post whereat thy soul's salvation
Must consummated be.

To each of us God gives a holy calling,
Where'er his lot be cast;
Sweet bands of love the willing soul enthralling,
To labor to the last.

Perchance thy lot is cast in some vast city,
Mid toil and care and pain;
And thou hast naught to give save love and pity
To all that struggling train.

Canst thou not work for these, thy fellow-mortals?
Thou hast the power of prayer;
Thy pleadings may burst open Heaven's high portals,
And find blest answers there.

Be patient then, be brave, and true, and holy,
To all around a light;
And grieve not that thy task is poor and lowly,
Thou workest out of sight.

Art and Love.

BY ELLIE BARNARD.

AND to think there will be other Junes as beautiful as this, that every year of life will come this month of delights, bright perfumed June, with her liquid melody of song, her plenitude of waters, bowery fullness of foliage, the perfume and glow of countless roses, the buoyant exhilarating freshness of her breath greeting the senses like some youth-renewing wine. The eye is alight with a clearer ray, the cheek is the home of a rose, and the mouth has a new song on its lips."

With a low sigh the book from which he had been reading slipped from his relaxing grasp, and fell with a dull thud on the oriental rug at his feet, and Edward Lansing, landed proprietor, handsome, talented, and rich, fell into a mazy tangle of thought.

Yes, it was too true, other Junes would follow this one, equally as bright and crowned with beauty, and unless fortune played him false, he would still be the possessor of an earthly paradise as now. But what was paradise without a peri? and where was the only woman he would wish to be Eve to his Adam?

Beautiful Adrienne Lisle, where was she? The languid dark eyes closed wearily as if to exclude every image but the one he held in his soul and worshipped supremely. No belted knight of old ever entertained a more exalted opinion of woman than he, or worshipped one fair saint with a more tender devotion unknown to all save his own heart.

Only a year ago he had gone with the rest of the fashionable world to Landcliff, and found her shining a star of the first magnitude.

He had enjoyed her society with the rest of the brilliant circle ever hovering around her, joined the gay riding-parties in the dewy tender mornings, flashed along the snowy beach with her at his side brilliant and happy, and anon sweetly silent, as the sparkle and glow died out from sea and sky in the subduing influence of the gathering evening.

Then he had let the reins lie loosely, and the flying steeds that were fire and gentleness combined, who loved and obeyed his lightest word and touch, yielded to the magnetism of his word and moved at their gentlest pace. Oh! the world was very beautiful and the woman at his side, was all he desired to make him happy.

He had thrilled to his heart's core when her snowy white arm had rested on his own in the moonlight promenades along the wide cool sea blown piazzas, and the most perfect hand in the world, gleaming with jewels, wielded with matchless grace an elegant fan, or toyed with the silken tassel of her wrap.

He remembered even now he had longed to crush it within his own like a warm white rose, and cover it with kisses. And then her voice, it was her crowning charm, sparkling and joyous and airily sweet, like a rill in the early summer time.

In the midst of awakening love a message flashed over the wires piercing his heart with keen anguish. 'His mother lay at the point of death,' read the message; and from the roseate atmosphere of love and joy he was plunged into the sable shadows of a great grief, and in one short week, the mother who had been his idol from boyhood was his to love no more.

Half crazed, and stunned by the terrible tidings, he had gone away from his gay companions without a farewell word, and since—well, he had stayed at the old place, feeling utterly unable to make any one of his old associates a sharer in his grief.

Rumors of gay journeyings over the sea had reached him, but of her whereabouts he knew nothing.

His heart was beginning to clamor loudly for its own, and his soul yearned with a deep unsatisfied longing for her touch and glance. Desire awoke at last from her sleep, so long held in check by his great bereavement and we see him rise from his revery and leave the room with a heightened color and determined glance.

Rumor had spoken truly when numbering Adrienne Lisle among the gay wanderers over the sea. Yielding to the earnest solicitations of a select party of friends to make one of their number in a foreign tour, she had sailed away leaving the dearest memory of her heart and life behind her, a mystery unexplained, a riddle unsolved; for making every allowance for his great grief she yet felt that the man with whom she had passed so many delightful hours, whose every act and glance spoke of awakening love, and had won her affections, should have parted with her in a very different manner.

His image she could not efface from her heart, and the memory of his devotion clung to her unceasingly. She wondered if it had only been a passing fancy, the dream of a summer hour, or if some one fairer held his heart.

Oh, the torturing doubt, the gnawing suspense that was her portion all through those flower-crowned, sunshiny days, those glorious musical, magical nights, when to live was rapture, and to love was heaven.

How she longed for his dear presence, the questioning glance of his beautiful eyes—the tender caressing clasp of his hand. Oh! could the whole of life be thus void and desolate? She felt like falling on her knees before some holy saint in the dim old cathedral aisles, and petitioning it to save her from such a doom.

Italy, beautiful Italy, fed her poor famished heart and developed powers of which she had hitherto been unconscious. Picture and poem grew from her inspired brain and unfolded heart; and the world would be the gainer for the trials she had undergone.

The fine gold of her genius had been refined in the crucible of sorrow, and her beauty wore the imperial stamp of an intellect of the highest order.

One day while visiting the studio of a celebrated statuary, one of the most famous sculptors of his day entered. He was known to a few of the party, and by them soon made acquainted with the rest. He kindly pointed out the most-to be admired poses and workmanship, and as the party were leaving to visit still other studios, he gave them an invitation to his own on the following day, promising to meet them at a given hour. True to the appointment the party met, and after admiring the beauties there congregated, he said, withdrawing a silken curtain that flowed over a niche.

"Here is a piece of work by a countryman of yours, an amateur, and a great friend of mine; it is called 'The Bath of Beauty.'"

They saw a lovely girl preparing to bathe, with loose drapery thrown around her, her beautiful arms and hands raised as if to gather her luxuriant hair into a fillet; the face a counterpart of Adrienne's own, and on one of the rounded arms a loose bracelet of antique coins which she generally wore.

Glances of questioning surprise were exchanged by her friends, and finally rested on Adrienne as if for an explanation; for whoever the young sculptor might be he had certainly seen her; the likeness was so unmistakable, it could hardly be accidental.

"Who is he? a countryman of ours did you say?" were the questions that followed the general surprise.

"Oh, that is his secret. I am not at liberty to tell. The statuette is not on sale, so I must leave you to unravel the mystery yourselves."

All the while Adrienne stood blushing and trembling, a great joy flooding her being, for her heart told her who it was, and that none save a lover's hand could have impressed the stone so faithfully.

Of course it was now her turn to be plied with questions, but she denied all knowledge of it and declared it to be as great a surprise to her as it was to them.

The master's eye had marked the eloquent blush and softly radiant eye of the speaker, the subdued, trembling, conscious manner, and with delicate sympathy he exerted himself to draw the general attention aside to other objects, thus giving her time to recover her self possession. Excusing himself for a moment he retired behind a screen, presently reappearing with a number of exquisite designs yet to be executed, whose beauty elicited exclamations of delight. Passing to Adrienne's side he slipped a card unseen into her hand.

"Come to-morrow morning, and alone, your friend shall be here to meet you," was written.

Half an hour after they had taken leave, Edward Lansing was climbing the stairs to the spot that had been his daily pilgrimage and solace for months.

He had wandered half over Europe in quest of her he loved—haunted galleries, studios, churches, frequented all the most fashionable places of amusement searching for the face that was dearer than all the world, but falling day after day, and night after night, to gain the slightest clue, until at last he resolved to embody his memory of her in purest marble, and had succeeded beyond his highest hopes.

Not for worlds would he have parted with his treasure, and every day he stood a silent worshipper behind the silken curtain, feasting mind and heart in contemplation of the beauty his own hands had created.

His friend heard him coming and sprang to meet him, saying, "It is a great joy I have for you my friend, the marble has come to life, I have seen your lovely friend in the flesh. She is indeed all you have praised her to be, she has been here, she has stood on this spot—here is a rose which she dropped in her surprise at the sight of your beautiful work, and which I have kept for you."

"Adrienne here! how, when was she here?"

"Only a little while ago, less than an hour," and his friend related the manner of her coming and how, when everything else had been seen and duly admired, he had withdrawn the silken curtain to see the effect upon her, for he had recognised her as the original of the statuette the day before.

"Truly, it was wonderfully like her!"

He had been eager to mark the effect which the sudden surprise would create in her mind and heart, and if she had ever—or even now loved its author as his friend seemed to think so impossible.

"Ah my friend said he, her sweet face told me all I wanted for your sake, so dearly to know. Put aside your fears. I have asked her to come here to morrow morning and alone. I will make my little room bright with flowers, and Guido shall set forth fruit and wine, and at the proper moment we will withdraw, and then you can try your fate. God speed you my brother!"

With a warm grasp of the hand, he left Lansing to the anticipation of what the coming day would bring him.

The hours rolled on—the new day dawned—sunshine, beauty, and perfume everywhere. He hurried to the studio, but his friend and Guido were before him, giving the finishing touches to the flowers and vines they had grouped, and trained. Flasks of rare wines, and the most luscious fruits were delicately arranged on a table in the alcove by a window overlooking the bay.

"Dear friend I cannot suitably thank you for your kindness, said Lansing," with emotion, "but it touches my heart! Hark! a step is on the stairs, Guido is at the door in a moment ushering in a lady clad in white, who moves gracefully forward, is eagerly welcomed by the great master and presented to his friend, Edward Lansing.

One glance and they have recognised each other; their hands meet in a thrilling, lingering clasp, that speaks eloquently to both their hearts.

"Ah Miss Lisle," said the sculptor, "I trust you will pardon my little plan for making known to you the author of our friend there behind the curtain, and if you will kindly excuse me—I have an engagement for the next hour and will leave my friend to entertain you," saying which in another moment they were alone.

Thus opened another chapter. Adrienne blushing sweetly, asked for another view of the statuette, and they grew more and more friendly as one after another its beauties grew upon their appreciation. Sitting by her side with her dear hand in his own, Lansing told her the history of its conception and execution—of his long fruitless search for her, and his great joy when his friend told him she had been there. The scenes of other days were recalled, (the fruit and wines sparingly discussed the while) the places they had visited, the pictures they had seen—all they had heard and known of the gay world since that summer long ago.

Then another story was told, "the sweet old story yet ever new," and there in that foreign land each became to the other the friend of friends, the one chosen above all others, to cherish and to love.

Complaint is justly made in California that the spot in Coloma, El Dorado county, where gold was first discovered has not been marked by some suitable monument. As it is, however, there is considerable doubt where the discovery which has been so full of vast importance to the world was made. The historic Sutter mill has been removed, and even the "oldest inhabitants" entertain doubts as to its exact location. Marshall, the recognised discoverer of the precious metal, is still living on the edge of the township, and is miserably poor, being dependent upon his daily labor for the barest necessaries of life.

A fashionable French Count took with him to his bathing place, at Biarritz, his King Charles dog' Fabio. Finding it was usual to furnish the names of visitors to the stranger's list, he entered "Mr. Fabio" with his own. Letters immediately poured in demanding subscriptions for all manner of charities, together with love missives from indiscreet ladies. One was from a Spanish widow, who wrote:—"At last I discover you in the stranger's list. I have read your name in large print. Let me rejoin you, my adored one." The Count clipped a curl from Fabio's tail and enclosed it.

Sincerity does not consist in speaking your mind on all occasions, but in doing it when silence would be censurable, and falsehood inexcusable.

June Days.

BY J. E. T.

IT was a balmy day in June. The mists seemed to envelope the far-away hills in a soft, purple haze, through which the sun shone dreamily. It was a day in which work seemed a word of a foreign tongue; even thinking was too laborious an occupation, and dreaming was the only suitable pastime.

These were the thoughts passing through Grace Randall's mind, as she sat by an open window, her fair face framed in by a green vine that was artistically arranged around the casement. She was not more than seventeen years of age; but the sad, serious mouth, and the thoughtful expression of the eyes, gave evidence of a deeper experience than such an age usually brings.

She was not beautiful; the features were irregular, but not coarse; certainly the complexion was to be envied, so pure, and yet so delicately tinted. The glossy brown hair was worn in short, clustering ringlets; the eyes of dark blue were replete with expression, yet too small to be called strictly beautiful.

"Pshaw!" she said, aloud. "I am really getting sentimental. I must remember that if the storms come to me, as they must, my trust is in Him who will never leave nor forsake me."

A sense of the majesty of her words seemed to come over her, for a look of ineffable peace swept over her face; and what is the face but the index of the heart?

"Grace, come here; I want you," came in fretful tones from the adjoining room.

But the recent communing with herself was productive of good, for the girl did not allow the expression of peace to be effaced by the unpleasant tone. Her cheerful, "Yes, mother!"—then the soothing, "You are tired, dear mother," served to soften the voice and temper of the invalid.

Two brothers and sisters needed the care and attention of Grace for the remainder of the day; nor was it reluctantly given. But a change was to come in Grace's life, for which these every-day, vexatious and cares were preparing her. That evening, her father introduced into the family circle Fred Carlton, the friend of an old college chum, who had come to spend a few weeks in the village. He was tall and noble looking, with brown hair, a heavy blonde moustache, and dark eyes that sparkled with mirth or shone with enthusiasm.

It was not singular that, being the son and daughter of two friends, the young people should become more intimate on short acquaintance. In conversation, Fred was interesting and witty, and Grace soon felt at ease in his society. Then came long strolls over the hills, at which times he would bring choice selections of prose and poetry from the golden store of memory.

It was in one of those walks that he noticed the purple haze of the distant hills, and exclaimed, "What is more charming than a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days."

"I think the autumn days are more charming" replied Grace. "True, they have not the vigorous beauty of spring, nor the glowing enthusiasm of summer; but, for me, they have a more serious and mature beauty."

"You argue well, fair lady," said Fred, lightly; "but you cannot dissuade me from my opinion."

"Indeed, I do not understand so grave a business," she answered, in the same gay tone. "I am only trying to make you perceive and appreciate other beauty besides that of our ideal."

He made some laughing reply, and the light conversation was maintained until they reached the gate. Then suddenly changing tone and manner, he said, "Do you know that I leave here to-morrow?"

"No," she replied, slowly, as if the word cost her an effort; and, for the first time, Grace Randall understood the power of love

But Fred had never spoken to her of love, and why should she think of him except as a friend? So reason argued in her mind; and Grace admitting it, felt the truth of the words: "The heart has its own reasons, which reason cannot understand"

Then her pride stifled the heart ache, and swept the momentary expression of pain from her face.

In a gayer tone she asked:

"Shall we see you again, Sir Knight, or will you answer me with the uncertain word, 'It may be for years, and it may be forever?'"

"Surely" he thought, "she does not regret my departure, or her tone would not be so blithesome."

And he was angry to think that he had allowed his heart to stray beyond the bounds of friendship.

"Indeed, your quotation is very fitting," he replied, "as I am a rolling stone. I must now bid you good-bye, as I leave by the morning train."

"I will say adieu," she answered, "with the ancient meaning of the wish—God be with you."

Thus they parted, he never dreaming of the wistful eyes, and tear-stained face, that witnessed his departure in the early morning

light; she never knowing of the eager haste with which he picked up a ribbon, dropped by her the previous evening, or the burning kisses he bestowed upon it.

So both went back to the monotony of their separate lives, which their short acquaintance had broken.

A year flew by: but to Grace the days moved as on leaden wings.

One June day, just a year since Fred Carlton had said "good-bye" to Grace Randall, a gentleman alighted from the train and proceeded to the residence of her father.

Time had not wrought any changes in the face of Fred Carlton, nor had the love which he fancied unreturned marked furrows of care on his forehead, and streaked his curly hair with lines of silver. Not a few young ladies and matrons beheld the handsome young man, and many golden dreams were indulged in at his expense. Alas that they should be nothing but dreams!

He was met at the door by the worthy gentleman of the house, from whom he received a hearty welcome. From Grace the greeting was sisterly, nothing more, and Fred Carlton passed the sleepless hours of night in endeavoring to recall one tender glance. At last, as the light of the stars was paling, he thought, "I will try my fate; it will certainly end suspense."

With this resolution, he fell into a fitful slumber.

When he awoke, the sun was shining brightly. Soon he was seated at the cheerful breakfast-table. Our hero was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to be much interested in the general conversation. Rising from the table he proceeded to the garden. The love of flowers was a part of his very nature. Grace soon joined him, looking very fresh and charming in her neat print, with pansies in her hair.

"I am on my way to the hills; will you join me in my excursion?" she asked.

"Certainly," he replied; "this beautiful day is just the time for a ramble, and can best be enjoyed in that way."

Having reached a place where a lovely view of the surrounding country could be obtained, Grace proposed a rest. For a few moments both sat in silence; then he repeated, musingly, to himself. "What is more charming than a day in June! Then, if ever, come perfect days."

"Then you still retain your belief concerning June days!" she laughingly exclaimed.

He was silent a few moments, evidently deciding something in his mind. Then, without noticing her remark, he said, "Grace, did it ever occur to you that your life might be made as perfect as a June day, and as beautiful?" As if needing no reply, he continued:—"I have often thought so of life; will you consent to beautify mine by the wealth of your heart?"

He had caught both her hands in his, and was gazing in her eyes, reading there his answer before the lips could utter the words. Grace returned his gaze with a look of perfect trust, as she answered. "Fred, I love you; I will try to make you happy."

They lingered awhile in that pleasant spot, talking of the future, seeing nothing but sunshine before them. Life would lose all its hopes, and most of its joys, were there no "castles in the air." Then, as they slowly sauntered homeward, she told him of the day-dreams she had indulged in on the day she first saw him.

"Darling," he said, as they reached the gate, "that dream was the foreshadow of what was to come, for now my love shall always protect you."

"Until death do us part," she softly whispered.

The death of Mr. Padwick, the Caucasian Jew, whose career has been marked with the headstones of so many young English nobles, will likely bring to a close his suit with the Duke of Hamilton, whose estates, yielding an income of $700,000 a year, he contrived to get under his "management." The Duke is Premier Duke of Scotland, and wears no less than three dukedoms—Hamilton Brandon, and Chatelherault, in France, which the late Duke of Abercorn once unsuccessfully contested with him in the French courts. Through his mother, the Princess Marie of Baden, he is a cousin of the Napoleons, and the late Emperor took a great interest in him. He has never taken his seat in the House of Lords, having lived entirely in Paris. He is an ardent yachtman, and said to be to some extent a partner of Mr. M. W. Sanford on the turf. He is of red hair, a fine carriage, and, in his lavish expenditure, every inch a Duke.

During the past few days an emigration scare has taken possession of a large proportion of the miners of Durham and Northumberland, in consequence of the receipt of most unfavorable news from their brother miners who recently emigrated to New South Wales, and who have been utterly deceived by the promises of profitable employment there. This news will considerably check emigration schemes. Large numbers of miners who left England during the recent great strike in Durham are now returning without having struck a pick.

Sarah Bernhardt longs to appear as Romeo.

Managing a Man.

BY HATTIE GRAY.

NANNIE STONE was the prettiest best, and dearest little girl in Hill town; and when Jack Dalton fell head over heels in love with her, nobody blamed him in the least. And when the parson gave his blessing, and they went to commence housekeeping in a cosy little house on the south side of the town, everybody prophesied all sorts of happiness for the pretty bride.

And truth to tell, Nannie Dalton was very happy. It is a pleasant thing to go into housekeeping for the first time, with everything new and shiny, and if you have somebody you love very much for a companion, it is still pleasanter. Now Nannie did love that great, big, blundering Jack Dalton with all her might and main; and there was only one thing to disturb her perfect peace. She was the very pink of tidiness, and Jack was the most careless fellow alive.

He kept his person neat and nice—but he kept his personal belongings anything else. Jack would persist in tossing his slippers under the parlor sofa, to have them handy. In vain did she gently suggest that the rack in the hall was the place for his hat and overcoat. Jack would fling his overcoat, damp or dry, on her pretty, smoothly-made bed, and drop his hat anywhere.

In vain did tidy Nannie make a place for everything, for Tom invariably tossed everything down in some other place. Now little Mrs. Nannie was only human, and Jack's slovenly ways annoyed her exceedingly. She was resolved not to spoil the peace of their cosy home by scolding; but how to cure him she could not tell.

She bore with him with the patience of an angel, until one morning, after he had gone to the office, she went into the parlor, and there lay Tom's heavy shawl right across the table, ruthlessly crushing beneath it the pretty trifles which lay up the marble top.

"Now, I can't stand this, and I won't!" said Nannie, as she carefully raised the shawl from the delicate treasures and discovered the ruins of a favorite Bohemian vase.

"I don't know what to do, but this I won't have!" she continued, with the little bit of wifely snap which every good wife must have if she expects to go on at all with that occasionally unreasonable animal—a man.

"Some way must and shall be discovered to cure Jack of such performances as this!" went on Mrs. Nannie, as she removed the ruins of her vase, and all the morning she went about the house with scarlet lips closely compressed and a little flush in her brown eyes, which argued well for Master Jack's domestic subjugation.

Woman's wit, having a will, seldom fails to find a way. And when a determined little woman says "must" and "shall," masculine insubordination might as well surrender at once.

Before Mrs. Nannie closed her bright eyes that night she had arranged her plans for the campaign against her liege lord, who slept the sleep of the innocent at her side.

But she meant to give him one more chance. So, after breakfast, when Jack drew on his boots and gave his slippers their usual toss under the sofa, she gently said:

"Jack, dear, hadn't you better put your slippers in the passage or the bed room?"

"No; let 'em alone; they'll be handy to-night," said Jack.

"But, Jack, dear, they look so untidy."

"Why, no they don't. A thing looks as well in one place as another. What's the use of a man's having a home if he can't keep things where he wants to?" said rebellious Jack.

"What's the use of keeping a wife and a servant on their feet all day to pick things up after you?" asked Nannie, without the least show of temper.

"Don't pick 'em up at all. Just let 'em alone, and then I can find 'em when I want 'em," declared Master Jack, as he gave her a kiss, and took himself off.

And the moment the door closed Nannie's red lips compressed again, and her brown eyes wore the same look they had worn yesterday.

"War it is, then!" she said to herself. "Now, Master Jack, we shall see who wins the field."

She set quietly about the usual morning's work of a mistress of a house where only one servant is kept; and when Jack came home to lunch everything was in its usual good order. It remained so, and Nannie busied herself with her needlework until nearly time for Jack to return to dinner.

Then she rose, put away her work, and prepared, as she said to herself, "to open the campaign."

First she put Jack's slippers where he always left them, under the sofa. Then she tossed his best hat on the table. Then she brought some of her dresses, and flung them across the chairs and on the sofa. Her furs reposed in Jack's own especial arm-chair, and her best bonnet kept Tom's slippers company under the sofa, while her own slippers lay upon a chair.

And then thinking that feminine ingenuity could make no greater sacrifice than her Sunday bonnet, she took a piece of crochet work and sat down.

Presently the door opened, and in walked Master Jack. He gave a low whistle of surprise as he glanced at the unwonted disorder, and at Nannie, sitting calmly in the midst with her crochet work, and then came into the room.

"Haven't been putting things to rights, Nannie?" he asked.

"No, no. Why?" said Nannie, looking up in sweet unconsciousness.

"I thought may be you had been, that's all," remarked Jack, dryly, as he looked for a place to sit down.

Nannie quietly pursued her work.

Presently Jack said, "Paper come this evening?"

"Not yet," answered Nannie.

"Nannie, I met Thompson just now, and he said he would call round this evening."

"Very well. Probably he won't come before dinner. It will be ready soon," said Nannie, working away in demure innocence.

"Hadn't you better put things a little to rights before he comes?" said Jack, glancing uneasily around the room.

"Oh, no. Just let 'em lie," answered Nannie, sweetly.

"But they look so bad," said Jack.

"Oh, no, they don't!" said Nannie, as sweetly as before. "A thing looks as well in one place as another."

Jack's face reddened.

"I never saw your room look like this before," he said, hesitatingly. "I shouldn't like to have anyone step in."

"Why not?" said Nannie. "We might as well keep things handy. What's the use of having a house if you can't keep things where you want to?"

Jack's face got redder and redder. He tried to look serious, then broke into a laugh.

"Oh, that's your game is it?" he said. "Trying to beat me with my own weapons, are you, little woman?"

"Well, don't you like the plan?" said Nannie, demurely.

"No, by George, I don't!" he said.

"Well, then, I'll make a bargain with you. As long as you will keep your things in their places, I'll do the same with mine; and whenever you don't——"

"Oh, I will!" interrupted Jack. "Come, Nannie, I'll confess like a man—you've beat me this time. Only just put things right in this awful room, and I'll never throw anything down again. There, now, let's kiss and make it up, as the children say."

Nannie rose, and laughingly held up her sweet mouth for the kiss of peace. And then, under the magic influence of her deft fingers, confusion was suddenly banished, and when Mr. Thompson came round to spend the evening, he decided that nobody had a prettier wife or a tidier home than his friend Jack Dalton.

Wise little Nannie having gained possession of the matrimonial field, took good care to keep it until Jack was quite cured of his careless habits. Sometimes he seemed threatened with a relapse; but Nannie, instead of scolding, only had quietly to bring something of her own and lay it beside whatever he had tossed down, and it was sure to be put away immediately, for Jack seldom failed to take the hint.

And if some other little woman, as tidy and wise as Nannie, takes a hint also, this little story will have served its purpose.

SENSE IN INSECTS.—Insects, there is good reason to believe, are endowed with all the five senses of hearing, seeing, touching, tasting and smelling. It was, indeed, formerly doubted whether they possessed that of hearing; but numerous observations have satisfactorily proved that they do. Flies move all their legs at brisk and distinct sounds and spiders will quit their prey, and retire to their hiding-places. Insects that live in society give notice of intended movement, or assemble their cities for emigration, by a humming noise. Brunelli, the naturalist, kept and fed several males of a not uncommon species of grasshopper in a closet; they were very merry and continued singing all the day, but a rap at the door would stop them instantly. By practice he learned to imitate their chirping; when he did this at the door, at first a few would answer him in a low note, and then the whole party would take up the tune and sing with all their might. He once shut up a male in his garden, and gave the female her liberty, but as soon as she heard the male chirp, she flew to him immediately. He considers that the antennæ of insects are analogous to ears; but he also imagines that it is by these organs that insects are enabled to discover those alterations in the weather, which to them are so important, and which they seem so readily to perceive; bees, in particular, being evidently aware of the approach of a shower when we can perceive no indications of it, and hastily returning to their hives in time to avoid its approach.

Four bands of Nihilists have been hunted down and dragged into the prison yards of Kief. They lived in earth huts in the woods, and were recruited from the peasantry. They had large sums of money, but refused to tell how they had obtained means to carry on the work of revolution. They call themselves Socialists.

A Cruel Suspicion.

BY A. E. P.

MISS KATE—ahem!—signora, I mean, said she, "there's a tall, raw-boned lad here with some violets; and he says he must see you himself."

Signora Katinka rose up with the imperial port of an empress, and shook out her satin draperies.

"Well, my lad," said Signora Katinka Kaselli, as he stood there, apparently dazzled by the gaslight and the jewels and the white shimmer of *Lucia de Lammermoor's* satin skirts, "what is it?"

"I couldn't help it, signora," said the boy, bluntly. "I sit up in the top gallery every night, and I hear you sing; and I dream of you at night, and hear your heavenly voice when I am asleep; and so, when these three violets blossomed out in the box of my window, I saved 'em for you. I know you've plenty of rare hot-house flowers thrown to you every night, signora," he added, with an odd, clicking sound in his throat; "but I've planted these violets myself, and watched 'em grow, and bud and blossom, and all the while I've thought of you."

"You see how I will treasure them!" she said, with an enchanting smile.

And, with a muttered word or two of thanks, the lad shuffled away as awkwardly as he had entered.

At the same second, Mrs. Rebecca, who had been collecting her lady's jewels together in their case, uttered an exclamation of surprise and dismay.

The Signora turned.

"What is it, Rebecca?" said she.

"It's your diamond crescent, my lady—the one you wear in your head! I can't anywhere find it!" cried the woman.

"It was on the table a minute ago," said the Signora, sharply. "I remember placing it there myself."

"Colville," Mrs. Rebecca called, shrilly, "stop that lad!—stop him! Quick!"

And the awkward German boy was dragged once more into the presence of the *prima-donna*, pale, and frightened, and resentful.

"*I* steal your diamonds, signora!" he cried out—"*I*, who would die for you?"

"I don't believe he took them," said the Signora. "Let go his collar, Colville. My boy, I ask your pardon for unjustly suspecting you."

"Heaven bless you for those words, signora!" said the lad, huskily.

And he went away into the darkened passages, with head hanging down and breath coming thick and fast.

As the Signora Katinka Kaselli turned, the glitter of something bright attracted her attention on the fringe of her white merino opera cloak. With a curious smile on her lips, she disengaged from its long, silky meshes the diamond crescent itself.

The next season there was a hum and stir in musical circles. The Signora Katinka Kaselli had left the stage—left in the midsplendor of her career, and married a penniless young lawyer, with whom she had romped on the village green as a child.

"Kate," cried Mr. Egerton, one evening, "get your things on quick, and call Fifine to take care of the children. Busch, the violinist, is to play to night, and I know you've been sighing to hear him."

Johann Busch, the violinist, played marvellously that night. The crowded house hung enraptured on the silver sound of his bow; and of all the audience none drank in the enchanted melody like the woman who had once reigned as "Katinka Kaselli."

"I should like to take that gifted youth by the hand," she said, looking eagerly up into her husband's eyes.

Mr. Egerton smiled.

"You shall," he said.

Awhile after there was a tap at the door of the box, and Johann Busch himself appeared, tawny skinned and large-eyed, with wild, yellow hair floating down over his shoulders, a fur edged mantle wrapped around him, and his violin clasped, like a beloved child, close to his breast.

He bowed low to Mrs. Egerton's congratulations.

"I knew you, lady," said he, bluntly. "I played to you!"

"You knew me!"

"Ay; although you have forgotten me. Ten years ago I brought you three blue violets—my own—my treasures! You charmed them from me with your song. And you lost a diamond crescent, and the crowd around you called me a thief, but your clear eyes looked into my heart. I went home that night, and registered a vow to be worthy of your smiles."

And the *ex-prima donna's* tears dropped into the roses she held.

A friend of the late Senator Chandler says that the Senator often expressed a desire to die just as he died, suddenly, and without suffering. He had such a strong conviction that such would be his end, that he did not hesitate to express his belief that death would come to him as a thief in the night.

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WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY S. M. N.

He gave me a flower to wear for his sake,
And said that he loved me true,
And now you stand there to warn me
That he told the same story to you,
Do I love him? Ah, cease your questions,
And answer a few to me;
When he came in the Autumn glory,
Did he tell that old love-tale to thee?

Did your heart make no answer, tell me?
Was the loving all his that day?
Your tears have told me the story
Ere your lips could utter the way
You hate him? Ah, push and remember
You could not have loved him true.
Be woman-like, glad that the pain and grief,
Have fallen from him to you.

Can I bear it? Yes, gladly bear it,
So long as his life holds no cross,
E'en though my own's dark forever,
'Neath the bitter pain of loss.
And forgive him? Why, woman, I love him,
And would live an existence of pain
Rather than blot from my life's page
This love that's been given in vain.

Charity's Reward.

BY AMY LEE

A LONG TIME AGO, there lived in the dominions of a great German Prince, a man by the name of Oben Yurkstown.

Oben was not a rich man; on the contrary, in our days we would call him poor; but he possessed a happy and contented disposition, that made him satisfied with his lot; and what he could raise from off his little patch of land, on the edge of the village, together with what he earned by doing odd jobs of work, enabled him to give his family plenty to wear, though neither the food nor clothes were of very superior quality. But the children were as contented and happy with their black bread and potatoes as many children are with dainty viands and fine clothes; and they lived happily together in their little cot

The little inn in the village was kept by a person named Philip Berwortson, a short, stout man very pompous in his manner, and considered by all as the oracle of the village. Notwithstanding the disparity in their circumstances—for Philip was well off—he and Oben were great friends, and when, in the evening, the villagers assembled at the little inn to talk over such news as had reached them, none were so favorably received, or so sure of the best seat by the fireplace as Oben And so they lived, contented with their lot, and happy in their humble way

The harvest time had come, and Oben, after gathering his little store of grain and fruits, went, as was his custom, to work for the other farmers in the neighborhood.

One morning, as he was returning home, having finished work in the field in which he had been engaged, he thought he would go round by the inn and gossip a moment with his friend Philip

As he neared the inn, he heard loud talking; and, on his arriving there, he found Philip vehemently addressing a traveler, who stood leaning on his staff in front of the door

"What is the matter, Neighbor Philip, that you seem so angry?" asked Oben, as he came up.

"Matter! Matter enough! Here is this vagabond, who says he has no money, and wishes me to keep him, or feed him, which is the same thing and I with my hands full, for the honorable Justice Bentwerton is to stop here with his friends to-day, on his way to court, and they have sent word ahead, engaging the inn, and ordering a grand dinner to be ready for them when they arrive; and then comes this vagabond to plague me Get you gone!" added he, addressing the traveler, who had stood all this time quietly leaning on his staff.

He was a middle aged man poorly dressed, and the knapsack on his back showed him to be a traveler. His face was thin, as from want and suffering; and his dusty garments betokened that he had journeyed a long way

"Come, friend, come with me," said Oben, as the stranger hastened to go. "My fare is but homely; but, such as it is, you are welcome to it"

"Good day to you, Neighbor Oben, and much luck may you have from your guest," said the landlord as he turned to go into the inn.

"Never mind him," said Oben to the stranger. "He is over angry to-day, from preparing for the Justice and his friends but generally he is the best natured of men"

After they had reached the cottage, Oben and his good wife set the best they had before the stranger, and did all they could to alleviate his wants.

After a hearty meal on their homely, but nourishing fare, and a short rest the stranger signified his intention of proceeding on his way

This, Oben and his wife would not at first listen to; but as he persisted in taking leave they yielded, and, filling his knapsack with provisions to eat on the way, they let him depart.

Oben, having some work to do on the same road that he was to take, with his son accompanied him; and, being overtaken by a string of carts going to the next town, with produce, the drivers of which Oben knew, he gained permission for the stranger to ride, and bidding him "God speed," they parted, after the stranger had asked for Oben's name.

Oben turned off to his work, and, in a few days, had forgotten all about the stranger.

Autumn passed away, and King Winter began to spread his mantle of ice and snow over the land.

Christmas was coming, and every family was preparing for it, our friend Oben among the rest.

The day before Christmas, as Oben started to visit his friend Philip, he heard the jingle of sleigh bells, and stopped to see what was coming.

Presently a splendid sleigh dashed up, drawn by gaily caparisoned horses, with footmen in livery, and outriders before and behind, and stopped in front of Oben's door.

"Surely," said Oben to himself, "no one but the Prince would travel in such splendor as that."

While he was saying this, the footmen jumped down and opened the door, touching their hat as a finely-dressed gentleman stepped out, on whose breast glistened the insignia of several orders.

"Ah, friend Oben, I wish to speak with you," said the Prince, for it was none other.

Oben drew near, and made a low obeisance, being lost in astonishment that the Prince should know the name of so humble a subject as himself.

"You do not remember me, I see," said the Prince, with a smile, as Oben drew near.

"Surely, I have never seen your Highness before."

"You do not remember the stranger you cared for when your friend Philip thrust him into the street?"

At this, Oben looked up at him inquiringly.

"Yes," continued the Prince in answer to his inquiring look; "that person was myself, traveling in that disguise to see how my subjects were prospering; and here is your reward"—throwing a package at his feet—"and to-morrow you will take the sledge that I shall send, and come with your family to the palace."

With that, the Prince sprang into the sledge, and off he went, leaving Oben standing there in astonishment; but at length he picked up the packet which the Prince had dropped at his feet, and, opening it, found it contained gold and his commission as high forester to the Prince.

As soon as he had made out what it was, he ran into the house, and began dancing in high glee, till he was stopped by the inquiries of his wife and children, who as soon as they heard the news, were as merry as himself.

The next day there came a sledge, as the Prince has said, and Oben and his family were taken to the palace, where they lived happily ever afterwards.

Thus Oben entertained a Prince, though he was dressed in ragged clothes. If a man is honest and upright, no matter what his coat may be, in the language of the great Scotch poet, Burns, "A man's a man for a' that."

WOMEN AND TOBACCO.—There are many women, wives particularly, who make tobacco a source of a large amount of family unhappiness. They are everlastingly railing against smoking, continually getting at sword's points with every male friend and relative, and gaining nothing by it but a grim defiance, which discovers the fact that in the long run a man's will is equally as strong as a woman's, when he once sets out upon a subject with the preconceived determination of having his own way Then there is the nervous woman who faints at the smell of tobacco smoke, and can detect a smoker a mile off; and the particular creature who is afraid of the house and the furniture becoming impregnated with vapor. These unphilosophical wives rush to the extremity of driving the smoker from home to indulge elsewhere in his failing for the obnoxious "weed." All this is a very grave error, and if the little wives only knew how much unhappiness might—if it did not already—result from this very proceeding, they would reflect twice before resorting to such petty tyranny Let the smoker have some cosy little nook to himself, where he can puff as much as he pleases without being continually tormented about it until fault finding becomes a bore and a dread to him let it be sacred to cigars and meerschaums, spittoons and pipes of whatever description. He has an equal right to home and the privileges the proprietorship should ensure him. You will find he will not fall into that unpleasant trick of keeping late hours so frequently, and neglecting to spend his leisure hours at his own fireside M. D.

Mauve and all derivations of lilac will be the fashionable colors this winter.

NERVOUS PEOPLE should avoid the temporary relief of tea and coffee. A cup of pure Cocoa will be found nutritive as well as sedative. Insist upon your grocer's furnishing Walter Baker & Co.'s preparation.

How it Happened.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE

"THANKSGIVING DAY! is it? Well I don't see what I have to be thankful for," was the remark of pretty Carrie Thornton as she sat gazing absently into the fire one drizzly afternoon "There may be something in such a holiday for others, but not for me," and she ended with a lugubrious sigh that caused her companion to lift her eyes from the paper she was reading in considerable surprise.

"Why, Carrie!" was her amazed exclamation; "you nothing to be thankful for! What do you call your home—your boundless wealth, tender parents, loving friends and the affection of the noblest heart in all Mayville, Doctor Wilson? Have you no reason to be grateful—aye more than grateful—for these?"

Hettie Ainsworth's earnest inquiry met with no immediate reply. Her friend only shrugged her shoulders and gazed more intently upon the glowing coals.

"And it so now," continued Hettie after a pause, "why not last year or the year before? Ah, Carrie, you have indeed changed, if Thanksgiving Day could come and go in your life, yet bring no cause for happiness"

But the girl did not know all. If she had, her surprise at Carrie's comments on the approaching festival, would doubtless have been less

For all the blessings that Fortune had showered upon her, Clara Thornton was not happy. She might have been so perhaps, had it not been for one thing. And this fact she had thus far kept from her chum's knowledge; she and her lover had had a quarrel; and for a week past she had neither seen nor heard of him. From the poignancy of this memory, on Hettie's mentioning the coming Thanksgiving originated the gloom we have noticed. No matter what her other advantages, without Tom's love, she really felt in the yet smarting throes of her misery she had nothing to be thankful for

And out of this slough of despond, do what she might, gentle-hearted Hettie Ainsworth could not lift her. Carrie's remarks were distraught, her usual interest in her friend's music and drawing had apparently altogether subsided, and evening came bringing with it the time for Carrie's return home, without so much as a genuine smile once illuming her face. Hettie of course noticed it, and partly divined the cause but forbore questioning

"Won't you let me send for cousin Jack to accompany you," she said when Carrie, wrapped in cloak and furs, prepared to depart, "this drizzling rain has made the pavements very slippy, and you will find a strong arm of service to you."

"No, I won't bother him," was the reply; "and besides I would, for other reasons, prefer going home alone."

She said this with such an air that nothing more was to be done in the matter; so after the usual formalities of feminine separation, Carrie, with the same absent, pained look in her eyes, descended the steps and started on her way

As Hettie had remarked, the pavements were somewhat precarious, in consequence of the rain freezing as it fell, and she found considerable difficulty in making satisfactory progress. More than once, indeed, the world seemed slipping from beneath her, and it was only by a series of efforts more energetic than graceful, that she managed to maintain her equilibrium

To safely navigate the streets under such circumstances would require the presence of all one's wits and as Carrie's were in that fancy land where wretched lovers wander, it was not strange that a mishap befell her. Turning a corner, round which the rain drifted with unusual severity, she slipped and fell violently against the scraper of a neighboring step She had a dim impression of a sharp pain about the wrist, and flashing of innumerable stars before her eyes, a manly form bending over and gently lifting her, and then all became dark.

When she came to herself she was in her own home, and her parents and the family physician by her bedside.

"It was lucky she received the attention she did," the doctor was saying, as he replaced some strips of handkerchief that had been wrapped about a severe cut on the wrist, "for she might have bled to death And a skilled hand has evidently attended to this," he continued examining the wound more critically. "I am glad to say that further attention is unnecessary"

Then, giving some directions as to the care of the patient, he took his leave.

Carrie now learned that she had been sent home in a carriage under charge of the village apothecary, into whose place she had been brought after her accident

When her father and mother for a moment left her to herself her notice was attracted to the pain of her wrist. Looking at the linen strips which bound it something dark on one of them caught her eye, and, examining it imagine her astonishment to read the name imprinted thereon "Thomas Wilson"

In an instant her mind divined all It was he, then, who had lifted her when she fell, carried her to the druggist's, and looked after her injuries. The apothecary's stock of bandages having probably given out, he had torn his handkerchief into strips to assuage the flow of blood and bind up her arm.

For a long time she lay there thinking. And more than once she caught herself smiling, oblivious of her pains. Would she yet have reason for rejoicing on Thanksgiving Day?

Of course it was not long before Hettie Ainsworth heard of what befell her friend. And almost simultaneous with the hearing she appeared at Carrie's bedside.

After the customary condolences, Carrie, in strict confidence revealed her secret to her friend This done, she added:

"I am not able to use a pen, Hettie, and I wish you would write a note for me. I want you to inform Mr. Wilson that I would be glad of an opportunity to thank him for the loan of his handkerchief."

Miss Ainsworth, smiling, glanced with some interest at the pale face lying on the snowy pillow, and it certainly did not look as though the owner was making any great or unpleasant sacrifice in what she did.

The note was written, and sent; and as a few days only were sufficient for Carrie's convalescence she rightly fancied who her visitor was when one afternoon she was informed that a gentleman was waiting to see her in the parlor.

There is no need to particularize the incidents of this interview It is enough to know that it was entirely satisfactory to all the parties more immediately concerned.

"And how did it happen, Tom, that you were so near at the precise moment?" said Carrie, after matters of more moment had been consummated "Why, it happened just as such things do in stories."

"Well, to tell the truth," was the reply, "I saw you leaving Hettie Ainsworth's, and was following you up with the intention of speaking to you, when your fall took the chance out of my hands."

There was, as might be supposed, a great deal more said, but as it had reference to a wedding in the near future, it need not be repeated. In a confidential chat with Miss Ainsworth, however, some days later, one of her remarks was somewhat noticeable. In answer to an inquiry, she feelingly replied:

"Yes, I too have reason to rejoice in Thanksgiving, after all."

AN EYE TO COLOR.—No woman can dress well, or in a manner suitable to her peculiar style, unless she has an eye for color. Blue is a cold and retiring color, and its effect upon the mind is of a quiet, soothing, yet attractive nature. Red, on the contrary, is a strong, ostentatious and warm color—the fit symbol of war, anger, or the passion of love. Yellow is of a gay, gladdening nature; orange is a warm, prominent color; purple is symbolic of dignity; green is the most agreeable color to the human eye, and it is the symbol of youth, mirth, gladness, tenderness and prosperity; but no woman can wear all colors; some are more becoming to her than others. Yellow, red, orange and purple cannot be worn by blondes. Neutral tints of gray, fawn, slate and drab, may be worn by them, but those shades of these colors, and also of brown, which almost precisely match the color of her hair must be eschewed. Black can be worn to advantage by the fair, pale blonde; but to relieve its sombre effect, it must be trimmed with delicate but decided shades of blue, rose, cherry, lilac and green. Green and blue are the best colors for the fair blonde. The ruddy blonde may wear violet and deep neutral tints, russet, slate, gray and dark browns, with bright rose red and crimson, and she may also venture, with care, upon the use of light gray, drab, fawn and stone color, although the last shades really belong to the clear brunette. The colors given to the pale brunette are claret, dark russet, crimson, dark blue, dark neutral green and violet, provided the complexion is healthy, not sallow, gold color and corn color, white and black The florid brunette should remember to place some dashes of gold color, maize or yellow next to her face or her hair. She may also wear orange red, scarlet, crimson, and all bright colors of a like class, provided they are used in small quantities and kept at a distance from the face.

Napoleon I, the founder of the Legion of Honor decreed to decorate any actor with the ribbon of the order After his reign, the decoration was allowed to several eminent dramatic artists but not until they had retired from the stage President Grevy was disposed to defy usage, and made up his mind to honor Got and Coquelin, of the Theatre Francaise, but Coquelin indiscreetly spoke of the matter in a way that displeased Grevy, who has finally changed his purpose.

Politeness is in business what stratagem is in war. It gives power to weakness. It supplies great deficiencies, and overcomes the enemy with but little sacrifice of time and blood It is invincible armor to the assassin of defence.

Beware of Malaria.

The prevalence of malarial diseases in country and town, indicates a danger to which we are all exposed These diseases are easy to contract and hard to eradicate. But Warner's safe Pills neutralizes the poison and cures them And they are equally effective against all bilious troubles.

Our Young Folks.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

BY PIPAIN

ONE day a grasshopper was singing in a field where the grass was rather long and he could not be very easily seen. People say they sing with their legs making a noise by rubbing their knees together, which would be a funny sort of singing, if it is true.

I don't know how that may be, but he was singing a merry song which meant—

"A grasshopper leads a jolly life,
He dances and sings all day."

He never got beyond that, he was too idle to try to learn any more, he didn't like work of any sort, and that's the truth of it.

Well, while he was singing, a cock sparrow was sitting on a tall piece of hemlock near him, looking out for something to eat, and when he heard the song he said to himself, "Oho! Mr Greenshanks, I'll be after you. Won't you make a nice supper!" So he listened and listened until he saw exactly where he was, and then he flew down to catch him

Now a grasshopper can jump one hundred and fifty times his own length. If a man could do the same he could jump—let me see—three hundred feet, I think. But I can't do figures, I am too old.

(Interpolation with a kiss "Oh, no, Mr. Pip, you're not too old for anything.")

Well, as the sparrow flew down, the grasshopper made a spring and jumped such a distance that the sparrow was thrown "all of a heap," as people say. He fluttered back to his hemlock, and began to stare with his head wide open, and looked as if he were saying, "Well! of all the jumps I ever saw! Well, to be sure!" and then he lifted up his claw and scratched the top of his head, and then he cleaned his beak against the hemlock, as birds do when they are considering anything very much, and thought what he should do next.

And just then the grasshopper began to sing his merry song again, and the sparrow said to himself, "Oh, there you are, are you, you chirping monkey? I'll have you yet." So he determined to go cunningly to work, and pretend not to have seen him, or to have meant any harm; and he looked round quite carelessly, as it were and as if he didn't know there was such a thing as a grasshopper in the world, and began to sing his own little song in a jaunty manner. But he took care to listen, and take notice exactly where the sound came from, and then he hopped down on the grass, and began to pick up seeds, and scratch his head and look quite unconcerned. But all the while he kept his eye on the place where the grasshopper was, and he hopped nearer and nearer, and at last got so close to him that he thought he could reach him with one good hop more But now you see what happened to him.

"There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip."

While he was getting nearer and nearer to the grasshopper, he was not aware that, all the while, a pussy cat was creeping up, nearer and nearer to him

(Interpolation, in great distress, "Oh, please, papa, don't let the cat eat the sparrow!")

Well, you'll see: and so, just as he was going to make another hop and gobble up poor little Greenshanks, the pussy cat had got within half a yard of him, and was getting ready for her spring.

But people should always mind their own business first. While she was so busily watching the sparrow, and creeping up to him on her velvety feet, she did not perceive that Toby, the dog who had long had a quarrel with her, was slowly and quietly making his way toward her. But he was though, and in half a second more he would have had her in his mouth

"But ah, ah! Mr. Toby, you were out of your reckoning as much as the cat Pussy and Toby belonged to the same master, Mr. Smith and Toby had had many a beating for running after her, and so, when Mr Smith happened to see Toby creeping towards her, he took up his big stick and determined to stop him So he followed him very quietly, and had just got so close that he raised his stick to strike him, but he didn't see that he himself had put his foot close to a wasp's nest, and that all the wasps were buzzing about him. And so, just as he was going to hit the dog, and the dog was going to spring on the cat, and the cat was going to pounce on the sparrow, and the sparrow was going to jump on the grasshopper, one of the wasps crept up and stung him on the leg so sharply that he let the stick fall, clapped his hand to the place, and cried out 'Oh!"

The dog turned round and saw the man, the cat turned round and saw the dog, the sparrow turned round and saw the cat; off they all set as fast as their legs could carry them. The man rubbed his leg and the grasshopper clapped his knees together and sang with all his might—

"A grasshopper leads a jolly life,
He dances and sings all day

"And, I daresay, if you will go into the hayfield to morrow morning, you will find him there, singing the same song."

(Conclusion and reward.)

"Oh, thank you, dear Mr. Pip, that's a beautiful story. A beautiful story indeed.

PRESIDENTS' WIVES.—James Parton, in his book, tells the story of the lives of Presidents' wives. He says:—"Thomas Jefferson, like Washington, married a widow, Mrs. Maria Skelton, who had considerable property; but that did not save her great husband, who died deeply in debt, owing to his slavish devotion to his country. She was a lady of extraordinary beauty of face and form, and singularly competent to adorn and conduct a great household. A little above the medium height, fair complexion, eyes large, dark and expressive, auburn hair, and a daring horsewoman, and full of talent. She played, danced and sung well, and had literary tastes. When Jefferson courted her he was twenty-eight and she nineteen. He played the violin and sung well, and as he had money then, and a high position, he distanced all rivals. They had a great wedding. She had a great responsibility managing her husband's immense estate, had six children, of whom only two survived, and died before he rose to his great renown, mourned by him to the last. He remained a widower forty four years, down to his death. Of course she never saw him in the White House. Dolly Payne was a Quaker, and a widow, when she married James Madison, and the daughter of a Virginia planter, born in North Carolina. Her father and mother set their slaves free and moved to Philadelphia, and there Dolly married a lawyer named Todd. She was twenty, and he died three years after, leaving her with a son and no wealth. Her mother kept boarders while Congress sat there, and she helped her mother to keep the establishment. Among these boarders were Aaron Burr, then a Senator from New York, and James Madison, a member of Congress from Virginia. Dolly was very beautiful and accomplished, and when she married Madison he was forty-three and she twenty five They had no children. When he became President in 1809 the White House received his lovely mistress, who enjoyed its attractions for eight years. She died in Washington in 1849, aged eighty two years, surviving her husband thirteen years. Daniel Webster was twice married, but his first wife was the mother of all his children She was a clergyman's daughter, one year older than himself, quite accomplished, not beautiful, but much esteemed; and when she came to Washington, more than fifty years ago, made many friends. She died in New York, aged forty six in 1827 whither she had been taken from the national capital by her husband. If she never saw him in his splendid prime she did not witness his sad decline. Mrs. Andrew Jackson was the wife of another man, Lewis Robards, of Kentucky, when young Jackson saw and loved her. Her mother, Mrs. Donelson, was keeping a boarding house at the time, having returned to Tennessee with Mr. and Mrs Robards, and Jackson lived in her house. Result, a jealous husband and a separation. A rumor came that a divorce had been granted, and then Jackson married the "grass widow;" but the rumor proving false, they lived together two years before a divorce could be really granted, and then they were married again. The husband left early, and these peculiar circumstances led to many bitter quarrels between Jackson, who grew into a great reputation, and his many enemies. She was short and stout, a great housekeeper and manager, very religious, very illiterate, kind to her slaves, and full of anecdote and fun. She had no children, and died in December, 1828

THE MOUTH.—The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal the feelings We can neither hide ill temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please, but the affectation will not help us In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips When the ancients, among their beauties made mention of small mouths and lips they meant small only as opposed to an excess the other way. The sayings in favor of a small mouth, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, I had better be the liberal one A pretty pursed up mouth is fit for nothing but to be left to its complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions than very small ones Beauty should have neither, but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. M. S.

Leo XIII speaks very little English, and converses generally in either French or Italian He listens attentively to every introduction, makes a stately courtesy, and then offers his hand, on which gleams the pontifical ring The visitor, who at the time is reverently kneeling, gently takes the Pope's hand and carries the ring to his lips, the Pope gently sways his body back, disclosing his foot and a kiss is likewise imprinted on his instep, where a cross resplendently shines.

Cerebuations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 444 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS

No 467. TIGER-FLOWERS.

No. 468.
PATACA
ATAMAN
TAPERS
AMENDS
CARDER
ANDERS

No. 469. PEDERERO.

No. 470.
D
COD
RACER
RELUMES
CALAMANCO
DOCUMENTARY
DEMANDANT
RENTALS
SCANS
ORT
Y

No 471. CHATHAM.

No. 472.
TRASER
EMPIRE
APOMIA
SIREMS
ERINGO
REASON

No. 473. MOTMOT.

No. 474.
G
LED
DAUES
DECANAL
LACERTIAN
OKCARCINIAN
DENTISTRY
SAINTED
LAIRD
NAY
N

No. 475. BEDRIDDEN.

No. 476.
SAPAJO
AMATEUR
PALTER
ATTIRE
JERKIN
OKRRRY

No. 477. The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

No 478.
M
IIP
SALAD
SUCKLED
JACULATOR
MILKLIVERED
PALAVERED
DETERGER
DOREE
KAD
D

No. 479. NUMERICAL

The WHOLE containing 8 letters, is a dish of food, composed of many kinds of fish.

The 1, 2, 3, 4 is the Paraguay tea, being the dried leaf of the Brazilian Holly.

The 5, 6, 7, 8 is a large hardwooded tree found in the south of Europe

Dunkirk, N. Y. MY BOY.

No. 480. SQUARE.

1. This command the soldier often hears,
2. And often this (quite active) he appears.
3. When clouds are THIRD we frequently see rain.
4. And when the rain is o'er 'tis FOURTH again.
5. LAST brings to view a common proper name.
And many English Kings have borne the same.

Fort Clark, Texas. GAHNEW.

No. 481. DOUBLE CROSSWORDS.

In cater and tater and gaiter,
In dammer and scamper and hamper,
In reaper and sleeper and deeper,
In batter and scatter and clatter,
In graining and straining and raining,
In kicker and thicker and picker.

All classes know that this is true
In country, village or in town,
'Tis hard to keep our credit up,
'Tis VERY hard to keep WHOLE down.

Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 482. DIAMOND.

1. A letter
2. Through.
3. Dragged
4. A wicker basket
5. Completely armed.
6. A falling down.
7. Refunding
8. Divine beings
9. Part of the body
10. A constellation
11. A letter

Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

No. 483. CHARADE

Who took the garment, viewed the worst—
And faintly gasped, "SECOND THIRD FIRST."
FIRST—to retrieve myself, the next,
THIRD—what we say when we are vexed.
And now the WHOLE comes to the door,
Unfortunate and very poor;
But here I'll stop (I've done my best,)
And leave you friends, to do the rest.

Evansville, Wis. MISS L. TOE.

No. 484. SQUARE

1. Attention pray and let us hope
That you will find the FIRST a rope.
2. To sail, but what is much the worse,
The SECOND is to make a verse.
3. A sorcerer is THIRD, perchance,
Or one who puts you in a trance.
4. The FOURTH, a fish; I do not mean
A Haddock, Angler or Cusr Dean.
5. To incense, is the FIFTH, methinks,
To work, ye devotees of Sphinx!
6. The LAST (though not the least 'tis true)
Is what fair maidens often do.

Baltimore, Md. ADIAN

No. 485. ANAGRAM

Some say, when in office he comes,
He robs away at his pleasure,
FIRE ELY SENATOR'S GUMS,
With gold and other treasure.
Be this as it may, whether libel, or true—
Just step in his boots, and what would you do?

Baltimore, Md. MAUD LYNN.

No. 486. DIAMOND

1. A letter from Comet
2. A conical ball of thread.
3. A money of account.
4. A carriage.
5. A pledge.
6. A alliance
7. An associating
8. Wire cloth.
9. An African traveler.
10. A measure.
11. A letter from Nutmeg

New York City. WAVERLY.

No. 487. LOGOGRIPH.

Entire, to scrutinize I mean,
Behead, apparel then am I,
Curtail, a juice is quickly seen,
Transpose, a window blank espy.
Curtail, a color rich will now appear,
Curtail again an interjection hear!!

Philadelphia, Pa. PAGGOTTY.

No. 488. SQUARE.

(With regards to "Percy Vere.")

1. I began at the base,
I built up with care;
I discovered the FIRST
Was a pet lamb, (and rare.)
2. The SECOND a charming
Sweet month of the year.
When leaflets are turning
Quite yellow and sere.
3. THIRD pertains to a camp,
(Now do not get mixed,)
Not a moving round camp,
Not one that is fixed.
4. An ancient Greek poet,
Low, dirty and mean,
Whose writings are noted
For being obscene.
5. Efendi and Jarep,
Two men of renown,
Both are FIFTH in New York
Near centre of town
6. I am troubled by SIXTH
To define it aright
I'll call it a vision,
'Tis not second sight.
7. A support is the LAST,
'Tis also a frame,
All carpenters use it,
Now tell me its name.

Sedalia, Mo. EF FAN.

No. 489. CRYPTOGRAM

"QFV CAZXD YOFBU DETTAJAL EZ QFV DFUPQ.
KA IBUZD ZCC DAIAQQ
ZDAO YAJA BJL ZBQ ZOOA YABZBJ.
KJC FOA YABZKJ ZEQQAL EOA DAQQ."

Norristown, Pa. ELEPHANT ELGIN.

No. 490. DIAMOND.

1. A mote.
2. A town in France.
3. A color.
4. An ancient race.
5. Monarchs.
6. A fibrous membrane.
7. Hovering
8. Bending.
9. A weapon
10. A worm.
11. A brand

Parsons, Kansas. CAPT. CUTTLE.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS

1. The POST SIX months for FIRST COMPLETE list.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS

Cerebrations of Oct. 18th were solved by Piewy Ann, Oleaner, Ironsides, Dick J. C. M., O Possum, Maud Lynn, Capt Cuttle Waverly Hannah E Gage Fuggotty, Randolph, Effendi, Grebrenewj, Thorn My Dot Lachinvar, Traddles, Gahnew.

NO COMPLETE LISTS

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. Not won.
2. Piewy Ann - - Lexington, Ky.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Capt. Cuttle—Charade. Grebrenewj—Diamond and Square. O. Possum—Two Numericals. D'Artagnon—Octagon. Jim Nastic—Cryptogram. Diamond and Numerical.

LITTLE LETTERS.

CAPT CUTTLE Your favor received. Sorry to hear that your "System" requires so much attention at present. Charade O. K

D'ARTAGNON—We accept the Octagon, but must warn you to look out for obsolete words They are apt to trap unwary puzzlers. We have lost several limbs that way ourselves.

O. POSSUM—Numericals in good order and very appropriate Do not fail to continue your investigations on the Diamond business Keep us well posted.

JIM NASTIC—Your Cryptogram for Jim Nasium will be used as soon as possible, and we think he will have to execute some heavy trapeze work before he solves it.

GREBRENEWJ—Falsfaced is no doubt a good word, if Webster will only certify it is correct. Diamond and Square are now on trial. Glad you stick by the Post.

EF FEN—We know Percy Vere will get round that Square in a twinkling, if he does not stay up too late on the night they give Goose Quill the "head off." Have you been invited to attend the Bee?

NIC O'DEMUS—You shall see the "Village Belle" next week, if she does not elope in the meantime; but be careful, as some of the boys have quite a hankering after the fair sex.

TRADDLES—All the Boys are in love with your beautiful Crosswords, and we shall be glad to receive a fresh invoice as soon as Rogers and the girls will give you a moment to spare for the benefit of

WILKINS MICAWBER.

THE PUMPKIN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness, and blossoms all gold.
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire of rain.

On the banks of Xerid the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight, from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crooknecks are shining and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North, and from South, come the pilgrim and guest;
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored;
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the matron smiles where the girl smiled before;
What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin pie?

Oh! fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling,
When wood grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling;
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark, with a candle within;
When we laughed round the corn heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for a team.

Then thanks for thy present! None sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter.
Fairer hands never wrought at pastry more fine;
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine;
And the prayer which my mouth is too full to express
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never grow less;
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below
And the fame of thy worth like the pumpkin-vine grow;
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden tinted and fair as thy own pumpkin pie!

THE USES OF FLOWERS.

We may easily believe that the adoption of flowers as ornaments is as old as the history of Paradise, where they first blossomed, and where we could imagine Eve, with the sinless love of beauty which prompts the same action in innocent childhood, weaving them in her hair, beside her shadow, glassed in some still pool of that river that went out of Eden to water it. In later days their ever-rejoicing looks made them the natural accompaniments of triumph and gladness, while their innocence and fragrance rendered them, with as beautiful a propriety, the peace-offerings of welcome and good will. Of all these uses we have evidences old as Scripture history; and it was doubtless from the ancient Hebrews that the Persians borrowed their fondness for floral adornment, just as the Greeks, with their quick sense of the beautiful, carried the taste (a fair spoil for war!) home to the Athenian cities, whence it diffused itself to Rome, and, in the course of time, became transplanted wherever her cohorts or her colonies appeared. The poetical exclamation of Solomon, so highly Anacreontic, without its context,—"Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered, and no flower of the spring pass by us!"—alludes to the custom of wearing garlands as distinctly as does Horace, in his charming ode, where, affecting to scorn the grandeur of a Persian feast, and the effeminacy of flowery chaplets, he confesses to displaying a wreath of myrtle at his bachelor-board.

Not less illustrative of their charmed uses in those early days, is that graphic passage in the apocryphal Book of Judith, which describes the terrified inhabitants of Ascalon and the sea coast, when the armies of the Assyrian swept the plain of Damascus, in the "time of wheat harvest," with fire and sword, sending out ambassadors to Holofernes, captain of the king's host, and receiving him with garlands instead of a flag of truce; precisely the picture which Forbes gives us, in his "Oriental Memoir," of the reception of travelers in the hospitable province of Guzeret, where the stranger is not only afforded all the simple necessaries of Eastern life, but the women and children come forth to meet him at the entrance of the village, and present him with wreaths of flowers. How curiously corroborative of the fidelity of Biblical description, and the slow changes of customs in the East!—for Holofernes received his garlands in the fifth age of the world, and Forbes his experiences but a few short years back.

Theophrastus, who wrote a great deal about flowers, has left a list of those used by the Greeks in their decorations, which gives, almost verbatim, the inventory of a cottage garden, wanting its lavender, pinks, rockets, and carnations. They had their roses, violets, gilly-flowers, and white lilies, with larkspur, hyacinth, iris, and narcissus,—"an odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds," but few in number. With these the banquet was adorned, the bride dressed, and the corpse laid in the grave; for we read, that when the family of Pericles were one by one perishing of the plague, he, who had hitherto supported his bereavement with uncommon fortitude, gave way at the funeral of his last child; and, while placing (according to the custom of the country) a garland of flowers on the head of the corpse, broke forth into loud lamentations and a torrent of tears. Who does not feel the pathos of this incident, and imagine the anguish of the desolate father, crowning his last-born for the grave? In Italy they still weave the pale blue blossoms of the periwinkle, which has there the sorrowful name of the death-flower, into wreathes for their dead infants—a custom, probably, as old as the palmy days of Rome, when the passion for floral decorations was at its height, and laws became necessary to restrain it.

It is a curious fact in the history of flowers, that a parallel circumstance has occurred in modern times; and that during the prevalence of the tulip mania in Holland, sumptuary restrictions had to be resorted to to prevent persons ruining themselves in their absurd competition to possess them. Amongst the Greeks and Romans the manufacturing of natural wreaths must have been as distinct an occupation as the making of artificial ones with us, and a far more generally encouraged one, since a garland was not then a matter of taste, but of fashion, and each circumstance required its own. How exquisite must have been the taste of these artistes we may infer from a description of a few of their wreaths, and from the circumstance that painters occasionally copied them as models. What a delicate picture, for instance, is that of a Greek bride!—white lilies interwoven with ears of corn—how chastely elegant, and how suitable! White lilies—in after times dedicated to the Virgin—were at this period sacred to Venus; while the corn in the ear must have implied the same symbolical meaning as the priest scattering its grains over the head of the bride. Our autumn wreaths of corn-poppy and barley, or bearded wheat, without the "bluets" and ox daisies, which are sometimes added to them, are identical with those used at the sacred rites of Ceres; and, strange to say, the ceremony and the wreaths are not wholly exploded, but survive—remnants of Gothic usages, gathered from old Rome—in some of the most secluded German valleys.

Only two years since, a friend, describing the bringing home of harvest at Ingleingen, a village of Wurtemburg, writes thus:—"To-day the first of the rye was brought home; and I wish you could have seen the pretty ceremony in consequence. The clergyman, schoolmasters, and children (the girls all dressed in white, with garlands of corn flowers on their heads) met the van on the bridge outside the gate, and entered the town singing, and you cannot imagine anything more touchingly imposing than the appearance of the procession as it emerged from under the old archway into the open sunshine: the oxen, with festoons binding their horns—and the wain oscillating under its golden weight, and wreathed with autumn chaplets—while two young girls, who had been helping to reap, walked behind, with their hair bound with wreaths, each carrying a sheaf in her hand. They came to a standstill in the middle of the street, and sang a hymn under our windows; and when the wagon reached the granary, all the people turned into the church to give thanks for the first fruits of our abundant harvest."

Grains of Gold.

Anger, like rain, breaks upon whatever it falls.

Draw not thy bow before the arrow be fixed.

Never expose your disappointment to the world.

Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things.

Expect nothing from him who promises a great deal.

Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it.

Grieving for misfortune is adding gall to wormwood.

Have not the cloak to make when it begins to rain.

A good word for a bad one is worth much, and costs little.

Man creates more discontent for himself than ever is occasioned by others.

If you wish to pronounce an impartial judgment, never accept any favor.

Let no one overload you with favors; you will find it an insufferable burden.

It is a miserable economy to save time by robbing yourself of necessary sleep.

Religion is the best armor that any man can have, but the very worst of cloaks.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make the proper use of that which is to come.

There are only three ways of getting out of a scrape—write out, back out, but the best way is to keep out.

The true gentleman is always modest. He is more ready to obtain the opinion of others than to parade his own.

Take away from mankind their vanity and their ambition, and there would be but few claiming to be heroes or patriots.

A restlessness in men's minds to be something they are not, and have something they have not, is the root of all immorality.

We should give as we would receive—cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

As the soil however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.

Look not mournfully at the past, for it cannot return; wisely improve the present, it is time; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

Those who quit their proper character to assume one which does not belong to them, are for the greater part ignorant both of the character they leave, and of the character they assume.

We pay best, first, those who destroy us—generals; second, those who cheat us—politicians and quacks; third, those who amuse us—singers and musicians; and, least of all, those who instruct us.

Have courage enough to review your own conduct; to condemn it where you detect faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them.

In the voyage of life a man may be wrecked as is a ship. Conscience, however, is an anchor that will in most circumstances insure him safety. It is to be remembered, nevertheless, that, like the anchor, conscience may be carried away, and so ensue ruin and wreck.

Feminimities.

Weather ought to be a feminine noun—so variable, you know.

One of the presents a young lady received was a copy of "Abide With Me"

It is a great mistake to suppose that a widow's veil is always a veil of tears.

It is on the cards that when a lady dons a new suit the eyes of all the other ladies follow suit.

A female lecturer, who draws large audiences, calls herself the "Mississippi Magnolia."

A New Haven Conn., woman recently applied for a divorce the day after she was married.

Nothing in all this social universe is so utterly thrown away and trodden under foot as a dishonored woman.

A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

Hero-making is a woman's work; even your sensible and practical woman must take to hero-making sooner or later.

One of the best lady school teachers at Newburyport, Mass., has gone crazy on account of the revival meetings at that place.

Many a young lady is afflicted with heart disease; it is not caused by aneurism, however, but by a young man who parts his hair in the middle.

It is often a more meritorious act for a woman to allow something good to be said of another woman than it would be for her to say it herself.

An exchange says: "The Queen of Greece is a charming conversationalist." Except, we suppose, when the King refuses to get up and build the fire.

There is no widow so utterly widowed in her circumstances as she who has a drunken husband—no orphan so perfectly destitute as he who has a drunken father.

Friendship is a picnic to which all parties contribute, and therefore is something women can not understand. With them, one party or the other must stand treat.

It is an interesting sight watching a young lady at a Sunday-school endeavoring to instruct a class of little girls, while her own mind is centred upon a class of big boys.

The latest fancy in stockings is for white polka dots in silk embroidery on black silk feet and legs, while the toes, heels and the upper half of the leg of the stocking are white.

A shrewd woman always keeps the pretty materials she buys to look at for a month or two, because she knows that her comfort in them will be all gone as soon as they are made up.

The concurrence of both sexes is as necessary to the perfection of our being as to the existence of it. Man may make a fine melody; but woman is also required to make up harmony.

A ten-dollar goldpiece is to be awarded at the Mifflin County Fair to the prettiest girl in the county, provided a committee of ten young ladies can give a unanimous decision as to who it is.

It is an honest confession of frailty that makes some women give away a secret. They feel doubtful about being able to keep it, so they hand it over to another in the hope of insuring it safer custody.

Girls are advised by a Chicago physician to sleep on their backs if they wish to keep crow's feet from the corners of their eyes. "These blemishes," he says, "are the result of sleeping on the sides."

A great many of our modern young ladies resemble the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin! But they spend a pile of money and lay around the house and let their mothers do the work.

It doesn't take long for a rural neighborhood to find out what kind of carpets and furniture a newly-married pair possesses, after the usual round of formal calls have been made by observing women.

All the angels mentioned in the Bible are males. But we can assure the pouting and irritated "sweet ones," with our hand upon our heart, and a bow in their direction, that all the angels in this world are females.

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson is circulating a tract which shows that the people of the United States pay over $700 000,000 a year for spirituous and fermented liquors, and only $25 000,000 for education and $48 000 000 for religion.

All puffs and bows and braids and fussifications on top of the female head have vanished into thin air. The Parisian belles now wear their hair simply parted in front and either waved or crimped, as best suits the style of the face, and coiled at the back in a braided knot placed rather low.

Economy is a fine art, if rightly understood; the miracle of the five loaves and seven fishes over again, of the flower springing from the spoonful of soil on a ledge of rocks, the ivy luxuriant over a ruined trunk. It is sparing in unnecessaries to spend right handsomely for essentials, and intelligence sees even fashion coming to its aid.

"Grandma," in a Western newspaper, gives some advice:—"If you have married a bachelor whose habits are confirmed and the organ of firmness so strongly developed that his hair sticks up on the top of his head, yield for peace sake. To know and understand your husband, summer and winter him. To domesticate the 'animal,' feed high, pet and pat."

A woman who was able to "see" the nurse of George Washington and go her several points better died at New Orleans the other day of old age. She was a colored resident of Virginia, and claimed to be 125 years old, and to have been present on the memorable occasion when the astonishing love of veracity on the part of the youthful G. W. surprised his sire into allowing him to escape the whipping he merited for cutting the old gentleman's cherry tree.

An English paper describes a pretty way of arranging the two long parlors which are found in many houses, the owners of which would often be thankful to have them either one room or two, instead of a compromise. A sheet of plate glass is placed between the two rooms, all all the space, except that occupied by a doorway at one side, and thus the pretty vista made by the two parlors is preserved, while they remain quite independent of each other.

Laconics.

Vegetable philosophy—Sage advice.

Forced politeness—Bowing to necessity.

The occupant of a villa is not necessarily a villain.

A singular fact—To day will be yesterday to-morrow.

A joint affair with but a single party to it—Rheumatism.

Some musicians put on more airs than they can play.

How much cloth is required to make a spirit-wrapper?

A surveyor of the port—He that looketh upon the wine when it is red.

When does a criminal resemble an old book? When he is bound over.

Go to thine aunt, thou sluggard, and if she is worth money, consider her ways.

The police are said to be like the rainbow, because they never appear till after the storm.

Why is a widower like a house in a state of dilapidation? Because he ought to be repaired.

Why is a ship one of the politest things in the world? Because it always advances with a bow.

There is a young man in Camden so proud that he wont keep his own company for fear of degrading himself.

If you don't look carefully after the bits of your horse, you may one day be looking after the bits of your carriage.

A naturalist has taken the ground that a lobster is a posthumous work, inasmuch as it is never read till after death.

"That is what I call a sweeping victory," said the plucky housewife, as she drove the tramp off the door-steps with a broom.

Could a miller who should be defrauded of his toll by a customer, whose grist he had ground, console himself by grinding his teeth?

Even the derided organ grinder has his good points; he supplies to the pent-up poor one of the greatest luxuries of life—A change of air.

It is one-quarter safer to fall into the Atlantic Ocean than into the Pacific; for the latter is four miles deep, while the Atlantic is only three.

An auctioneer was endeavoring to sell an old gun, and failing to get a bid, a bystander who read the papers said: "Blow in the muzzle and it will go off."

On a Kentucky bridge is this notice: "No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time."

What relation is a loaf of bread to a steam-engine? A steam-engine is an invention, and bread a necessity; therefore, necessity is the mother of invention.

A servant girl, writing a letter, asked her master if the next month had come in yet; he laughed. "Well," said she, "what I mean is—has the last month gone out yet?"

An anti-onion eating society has been organized out West. We have heard of things that were called into being by a word; here is an association created by a breath.

An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice.

A boy blew off a part of his finger with a pistol the other day. A remarkable coincidence is the fact that the pistol and the finger went off together, although not previously acquainted with each other.

Somebody asked a Paris editor: "Where do you get your intelligence?" "From the papers." "Where do the papers get it?" "From other papers." "But who is the author of it?" "Nobody."

"Mr. Smith, I wish to speak to you privately. Permit me to take you apart for a few moments." Smith (who wasn't the least frightened): "Certainly, sir, if you'll promise to put me together again."

A country paper, speaking of the good things of the town where it is published, says: "We are proud of the oppressively solemn appearance of our undertakers. A smiling undertaker is a hideous incubus on the growth of a place."

A gentleman, while making a speech, inadvertently stepped forward and off the platform. To the peals of laughter that greeted his unlucky fall, he claimed that any speaker had a right "to come down to the level of his audience."

Two friends meeting, one remarked, "I have just met a man who told me I looked exactly like you." "Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied his friend. "Don't trouble yourself," responded the other. "I at once did that myself."

The captain of a trading vessel having some contraband goods on board which he wished to land, said to a revenue officer: "If I were to put a dollar upon each of your eyes, could you see?" The answer was, "No; and if I had another upon my mouth, I could not speak."

"My dearest uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Delaware, and the boat sank. My uncle was just about drowning. He got his head above the water for once, took off his hat, and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

The healthiest town ever known was in Illinois one summer, when the doctors went east to attend a medical convention, neglecting to return for several months. The doctors found that when they did get back, their patients had all recovered, the nurses had opened dancing schools, the cemetery was cut up into building lots, the undertaker had gone to making violins, and the village hearse had been gaudily painted and sold for a circus wagon.

So Prevalent and so Fatal has Consumption become, that it is now everywhere dreaded as the great scourge of humanity; and yet, in their formative stages, all Pulmonary Complaints may be readily relieved and controlled by resorting promptly to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a curative specially adapted to soothe and strengthen the Bronchial tubes, allay inflammation, and loosen and remove all obstructions. It is a certain remedy for Asthma, and also for Coughs and Colds.

New Publications.

An Alphabetical Record of New Books, issued from June to October, inclusive, and arranged under Author, with all the new books by the author; under Subject, with all the new books on the subject, and also the title, has just been issued by Howard Challen, of this city. It is useful to buyers of books.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. have published another volume of their series of "Classical Writers," edited by J. R Green, the subject of which is "Euripides," compiled by J. P. Mahaffy, Professor of Ancient History in the University of Dublin. The volume contains a short outline of the poet's age and surroundings, his life and studies, etc., with a concise review of his works, all of which is presented in a very clear and comprehensive form. Although the series is intended as an educational one to lead the classical student beyond the mere grammatical study of classical languages, the subjects are treated in such an intelligible form as to recommend them to the casual reader, who will find them free from the perplexing labyrinth in which classical works are so frequently involved. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price 60 cents.

Under the title of "A Ministry of Health," Appleton & Co. have collected and published in an attractive volume a series of addresses delivered by Benjamin Ward Richardson, of the Royal College of Physicians. The opening paper gives its title to the book. It contains also a review of the work of William Harvey, accompanied by several cuts delineating the blood vessels of the human heart. A Homily Clerico-Medical, Learning and Health, Vitality—Individual and National, The World of Physic Burial—Embalming and Cremation, Registration of Disease, Ether Drinking and Extra Alcoholic Inoxication all of which are treated in a masterly and thoroughly practical manner and will be found an exceptionally entertaining as well as instructive series for those who are interested in the subject of hygiene. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

MAGAZINES.

Lippincott's Magazine for December fully sustains the high standard of excellence which has always characterized it among the monthly publications. It has a varied list of contents, the most noticeable feature being the number of articles descriptive of life and manners at home and abroad. Among the Biscayans, by George L Catlin, our consul at La R chelle, gives a graphic account, with illustrations, of the old Spanish seaport of Bilbos, its picturesque street scenes, mixed population, and active industries. In the Backwoods of Carolina, by Louise Coffin Jones, presents a contrasted picture of the primitive and amusing aspects of American life in a mountain region remote from railways and the usual lines of travel. Wirt Sikes describes the English Coffee Palaces recently established by the Duke of Westminster, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Gladstone, and others, to attract the working classes from the gin palaces and ordinary public houses. The City of the Simple, by Helen Campbell, deals with a subject of constantly increasing interest and importance, the proper treatment of the insane, and contrasts the common methods pursued in the pest asylums both in Europe and America with the system instituted at Gheel in Belgium, which is a colony of lunatics subject to no confinement or restraint. Another paper deserving of careful consideration is a description of the "Advantages and Disadvantages of a Foreign Education for Young Republicans," by a writer who compares the teaching in our public and private schools with German methods of instruction. Dr Charles W. Dulles has a short practical paper on Poisoning, and How to Treat it. L. Lejeune criticises the Impressionist School of Painting, and M. Mather contributes an entertaining historical sketch entitled Monsieur le Charmant. A story of English life called Rose, is full of incisive touches, and shows a masterly power of delineating character. Aimee, by G. H. Pierce, which is concluded in this number, is a simply told, but deeply pathetic story. The Monthly Gossip and Literary Notices are as bright and readable as usual. The new volume begins with the next number, and in it will be commenced a new serial story, Adam and Eve, by the author of Dorothy Fox.

The October number of the Leonard Scott Co. reprint of the Edinburgh Review contains the following interesting papers: Germany Since the Peace of Frankfort; Mozart; The Philosophy of Color; Spedding's Life of Bacon; the Civil Engineers of Britain; The Family of Mirabeau; Froude's Cæsar; The Code of Criminal Law; Impressions of Theophrastus Such; Afghanistan. Received from, and for sale by W. B Zieber, of this city.

With the December number, Harper's Magazine begins its sixtieth half year volume, and presents a fine appearance in artistic and literary attractions which promise to sustain the exceptional merits of the Magazine. It opens with an entertaining article entitled The Fortunes of the Bonaparte—the writer of which prefers to remain anonymous—illustrated with sixteen fine portraits of the most prominent members of the Bonaparte family. Sea-Drift from a New England Port, by Lizzie W. Champney, illustrated by Howard Pyle, contains some very novel and curious information respecting New London society a hundred years ago. Miss J L Cloud continues her picturesque descriptions of Irish scenery and character in the Connemara Hills, accompanied by some quaint pencil sketches. Ernest Ingersoll contributes a paper on Atlanta, Georgia, with some excellent pictures. The Palestine of To-Day, by Dr J F. Hubert, is illustrated with engravings from the Harper's new edition of Dr. Thompson's The Land and the Book. Miss F. E Fryatt describes the New York Cooking School. Miss Curtis contributes six beautiful illustrations. Blossoms is the title of an exquisite little poem by Phillip O. Sullivan, illustrated by Miss M. R Oakey. The ballad of Whittington—a fac-simile of the British Museum MS.—is given, with five illustrations by Abbey. Longfellow contributes a poem of curious interest, the subject of which is an iron pen (presented to the poet by a lady in Maine) made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon—the handle of wood from the frigate *Constitution*, and bound with a circlet of gold inset with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine. James T Fields contributes a charming poem, entitled A New and True Ghost Story. In fiction, besides the three great serial novels by Black, Blackmore, and Miss Mulock, there is a very strong short story by Rose Terry Cooke.

The current number of the Baptist Review presents a notable list of contributors and papers of literary excellence. The contents open with a paper on God and the Bible, by Prof G D B. Pepper of the Crozer Theological Seminary. Rev J. F. Morton contributes An Exposition of Genesis VI; Rev. Thomas D Anderson Jr., of Portland, Maine, writes An Introduction to the Book of Isaiah; Hon. James M. Hoyt discusses Theism Grounded in Mind; Rev L N Carpenter discusses Reason's Sphere in Things Revealed; The Foundation of the Keys, Exegesis of Matthew, XVI., 18, 19, is by Rev T W. Culver; The Belief of the Hebrews in the Immortality of the Soul, is translated from the French of M Gregoire, by Rev. W. H. H March; W. N. Clarke contributes a paper on the Portraiture of Jesus. The Review should prove valuable, and to its denominational cause. Published by J. R. Burnes of Cincinnati, Ohio.

News Notes.

France has penny savings banks for school boys.

Tennyson is said to be almost shabby in his dress.

Mrs Lucy Stone (Blackwell) is now 60 years of age.

Bucks are very plenty in the lower part of Luzerne county.

Gen. Grant is heavier and more solid-looking than of old.

Quail were never known to be as scarce as they are this year.

Prince Victor, heir to Great Britain, will be sixteen next January.

Machine rope is now made in California from sheep entrails. It is said to be stronger than hemp.

The Belcher mine of the Comstock lode, Virginia City, has now reached the remarkable depth of 2 920.

The leading club of New Orleans permits members to introduce at any time the ladies of their families.

Mme. Nilsson will receive $18 000 for twelve performances in Spain during the wedding festivities of King Alfonso.

During October over 35,000 000 postal cards were sent from the Holyoke factory. The largest month's business ever done.

A London physician lately advertised in the Times for a lady housekeeper, offering liberal terms, and received 1,100 answers.

A Japanese author can copyright his work for forty-five years, and violations of his right may be punished with imprisonment.

A woman goes about Grand Rapids at night, with a lantern, declaring that she is the bride of heaven, and exhorting sinners to repentance.

The two Misses Longfellow, a daughter of Professor Horsford, and a daughter of Mr. Arthur Gilman, are among the lady students at Harvard.

A girl five years of age, left alone in a house at Holyoke, Mass., drank whisky from a bottle that she found, got drunk, fell down stairs and died.

Senator Pendleton's wife has two young Indian proteges—David Pendleton and Standleuth Dosumoe—to whom she is giving a thorough education.

A petrified fish, perfect in form and resembling in all details the smelt caught in the Bay of San Francisco, was recently found in a mine at Carson, Nev.

Dr Carr is the nominal, but Mrs Carr is the real head of the California Bureau of Agriculture. She has forty experimental farms in various parts of the State.

Mrs. General John C Fremont is very popular in Arizona, where her husband is Governor. She is very handsome, has beautiful grey hair, and is a splendid conversationalist.

Hemp plants are recommended to be cultivated in vineyards, orchards, etc., for the banishment or destruction of noxious insects. It is said there are no harmful insects in hemp fields.

Mr. Edward C. Potter, of Newport, protests against the removal of Cleopatra's Needle from Alexandria, Egypt, to New York. He thinks the obelisk should remain where it stands.

A large box shipped on a railroad at Cleveland was found to contain a live man, a flask of whisky, some sandwiches and a kit of burglars' tools. It is supposed that he intended to rob the express car.

Experiments recently made on the Lake Shore Railroad prove that petroleum can be successfully used as a fuel for locomotives, with great saving of money, besides the doing away with smoke and cinders.

Miss Ladd, a Connecticut girl who graduated at Vassar, and is at the Johns Hopkins University, has displayed mathematical ability so great that she has been invited to take a special course under Professor Pierce.

Among the attractions of the recent Dairy Show in London was an American milking pail, which supplies a seat for the milker and a spout and strainer for the milk, and which cannot be kicked over, because the milker sits on the cover.

A woman inmate of the asylum for the insane at Marysville, Cal., imagining that she was imprisoned by enemies, and that pen and ink were denied her, made a statement of her case in needlework on a piece of cloth and threw it out of the window.

It is becoming the fashion in Europe to travel in private railroad cars. The Baroness N. de Rothschild owns one that cost $20 000, and the Countess Potocka has ordered one at $25,000. These vehicles are smaller than American cars, but are very elegant.

Assistant Postmaster New, of Pittsfield, Mass., added $1 000 a year to his income by removing fresh postage stamps from letters, putting on those that had been used, and selling the stolen ones. He used the money in maintaining his social pretensions.

It is a fact not generally known that the Bank of England supports a rifle corps of its own, which in time, it is intended, shall do away with the necessity of drafting a force every night from one of the Household regiments to guard the national money chest.

Miss Meeker says one of the favorite amusements of the party of Utes who carried her off, was to put on a negro soldier's cap a short coat and blue pantaloons, and imitate the negroes in speech and walk, and their personations were so accurate as to be very laughable.

To restore nerve and brain waste, nothing equals Hop Bitters. Believe this.

A turbine water wheel, of forty horse power at New Edinburg, Ont., has been stopped by eels for the second time this season. One of the eels taken out measured three feet eight inches in length, and was nine inches in circumference. The blockade was perfect.

Elizabeth of Austria is strikingly handsome. She dresses quietly in private, and magnificently on occasions of state. Her eldest daughter, Princess Gisela, married to Prince Leopold of Bavaria, is pretty and petite, but not so imposing as her imperial mother.

The Nerves as a Source of Trial.

Instead of being a vehicle for agreeable sensations some people's nerves are a most distressing endowment. Such sufferers, it will usually be found, are dyspeptic, lack vitality and flesh. What they need is more vigor. There is a means of obtaining it, if they will but avail themselves of that means. It is Hostetter's Bitters, a tonic which experience has shown to be of the utmost service to the debilitated, nervous and dyspeptic. Digestion restored upon a permanent basis by the Bitters, ministers as it should to the wants of the system and its integral parts, of which the nerves are one of the most important, are properly nourished and invigorated. The various functions are thus more actively discharged, and obstacles to a return to health removed by increasing vitality. Instead of nervous prostration, new strength and vitality will be infused into the whole motive machinery.

A Magic Lantern Exhibition for $12.

Nothing could possibly please better as a gift than a fine magic lantern, and for a purchase of this kind we can thoroughly recommend Mr. Theo. J Harbach, whose advertisement is in the present issue of the POST. His Brilliant Magic Lantern is a splendid article, which for cheapness and excellence cannot be surpassed. For home or even public exhibition, it is the best and lowest in price that has ever been offered, and those desiring a means of inexhaustible pleasure and amusement should have the Brilliant. There never was such an opportunity to cheaply secure a perfect magic lantern and a large number of magnificent views as Mr. Harbach presents. And as they are offered at the low rate of twelve dollars, they are certainly within the reach of all.

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It is a fact that many of the "regular" doctors who will not recommend Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for the diseases which it so effectually removes, yet use it "on the sly" in their practice. They must soon adopt it openly as the standard remedy.

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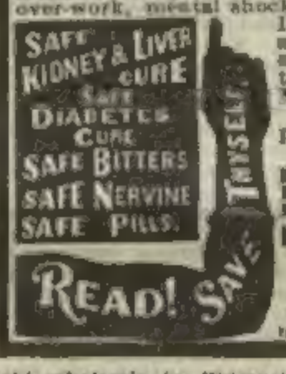

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

UNDER robes de chambre we would include the numerous dressing and morning gowns and jackets which, since five o'clock tea gowns have been recognized as a necessary part of a fashionable wardrobe, have received so much more attention, and are prepared in so much larger variety.

To begin with the ordinary dressing gown. The new patterns brought out for the autumn and winter in printed flannels are so pretty that they will be a favorite material. They partake of the Oriental character, which is a feature in present fashions; but the most original are of that Pompadour revival, which has much to recommend it. Many of the designs which appeared in Cora silks, sateens, cottons, and chalis, have been transferred to flannel; and the cream grounds, with flowers scattered over them, which might have been taken from Sevres or Dresden china, make admirable trimmings on light blue, cream, and pink flannel. But there are also many printed flannels of the floral character, almost completely covering the ground, which may be of a blue, brown, or even a light coral or blue tinge, and these are used for the gown itself. Flannel is the favorite material, though for morning and breakfast gowns, cashmere and merino sometimes supercede it. Flannel has the advantage of washing, and if a light color is selected to begin with, it can be subsequently dyed; light pink, taking a good dark ruby or magenta shade. Dark grenat is by far the favorite shade; next to it navy blue, and then myrtle green.

The prevailing style of making dressing gowns is the Princess, cut to the figure in the back, and slightly shaped in the front. For a home-made gown, we would suggest that the back should be merely cut with a join down the centre and side pieces, unless the Watteau plait is preferred, which gives plenty of flow to the skirt, then the back is cut in one. The best and newest Watteau have the centre plait only three inches wide, with five small plaits on either side, well stitched down almost to the waist; this gives flatness to the back. A dressing gown for wearing during dressing does not require to be very full in the skirt. The chief trimmings used are bias bands of printed material, fancy galons of embossed velvet on satin grounds, broad braids plain or embroidered in silk or wool, and well-designed patterns in very fine braid, but newer than these, bands of thick white muslin embroidery with frillings of the same, which have the objection of becoming soiled sooner than the flannel. Coarse white lace and insertion are also used made of linen thread and after the Russian make of lace; and Breton and other black laces, which, on dark ground, have a good effect; but these are more suited to a morning or breakfast gown. For the simple dressing gown we have described eight yards of flannel would be required, ten or eleven for more elaborate kinds, and six yards of flat trimming that is for carrying in a double row down the front, round the collar and sleeves. There is some variety in these collars; some are of the sailor form, some merely turn down in the ordinary way, some turn up straight round the throat, and some are transformed into the Incroyable triple caps, each trimmed and forming revers in front, and, with this style, velvet is the favorite trimming. The tight coat sleeve with trimmed cuff is the usual sleeve, but a newer and prettier one has six or seven closely-drawn gagings at the wrist, and at the back of the upper portion of the arm; square pockets on each side form a finish, and are convenient.

Another way of making a comfortable dressing gown for every-day wear is double-breasted, with a double row of buttons down the front, or one broad trimming—an exact fac simile of the newest shaped ulsters, cut to the figure, but a little wider in the skirt. The model from Paris was made in dark blue cloth flannel, and had an applique trimming of dark blue velvet tambour stitched in white.

The French dressing jackets for the season are mostly made of flannel and trimmed with bias bands of printed foulard; they are quite loose, and the sleeves have the trimmings in many cases carried up to the elbow. They have either paniers in front, or are cut with the bias basque laid on some eight inches beneath the waist, like the Louis XV. bunting jackets. At the back they describe long basques; three to four yards of material are required. They sometimes open diagonally in front. A cream flannel breakfast jacket has a waistcoat of the Pompadour printed flannel, which forms a V-shaped trimming on the back, and is used for the pockets, cuffs and collars.

Among the most popular fabrics for dressing costumes are plain plush and satin striped plush, embossed velvet, plain satin, and satin with shawl patterned or cashmere designs. When woolens are used they are always mixed with silk and velvet. I remarked, however, a woolen dress which was exceedingly pretty; the kilted skirt was of pale blue cashmere; the lavenue tunic was prune cashmere, turned up in front and lined with pale blue, the bow at the back being of prune and blue ribbons: the prune bodice was gathered in front, the blue sleeves likewise gathered at the cuffs; the pelerine was prune cashmere, with a blue-lined hood.

The polonaise, which has been discarded for a time, is again taken into favor under a new name—"habit redingote." A very good example was made of dark embossed blue velvet, and worn over a satin petticoat to match, trimmed in front with two deep plaitings, large pockets at the sides, edged with silk and chenille fringe; the polonaise is almost as long as the skirt at the back, and is draped very gracefully; in front it is only closed to the knees, where it opens with a large satin and velvet bow. Another polonaise is of striped purple velvet, and it opens over a satin skirt embroidered in chevrons of gold, orange, and copper-colored silks; a large collar and deep cuffs of satin similarly worked.

Bodices are now very long in the waist; and have usually five seams; but I am assured that with the clinging style we are to have short waists, as in the days of the First Empire. I hope such predictions will not be realized.

The costumes trimmed with fur are all in the form of a polonaise, than which nothing is more convenient for economical purses. The newest muffs for dress occasions are all ornamented with bouquets of flowers, which are fastened, either to the centre or at the side, in a bow of satin ribbon. The tuft of flowers is always mixed—either mignonette and chrysanthemums, rosebuds and periwinkle, sweetbriar and pansies, etc. Some of the newest evening dresses are made with Medicis fronts of satin, which flowers are painted by hand in water-colors. I have seen a dress, the train of which is covered with bouquets in the Watteau style, painted by a first-rate artist, and carried out in the same way as fan painting.

For trimmings, cashmere is the prevailing idea in Paris materials and Paris trimmings, though, as applied to trimmings, it hardly conveys to our minds the real meaning, the term signifying the admixture of colors which are found in cashmere. The new cashmere beads are red, green, gold and black, and are used as embroideries on bonnets, as cord and as galon. But more original still are some light flimsily-made galons, powdered with gold—sometimes regularly, sometimes irregularly woven, and showing a glimmering throughout of the same tones. The same make of galons, merely dusted with gold and silver, are largely used in millinery, and have a wonderful effect at night.

The new imitation of point d'Alencon is greatly used; so are the laces on which have been applique and outlined in fine gold thread some of the cashmere patterns from printed cottons, both blonde and Valenciennes being the foundation.

Paris dresses are much trimmed with fringes more or less elaborate, buttons, and garnitures of one of the materials—for well nigh every dress is made of a plain and figured make of the same stuff. The novelty in costly fringes is that the untwisted chenille is now often one inch wide, and the designs in crimped and stamped braids. This braid fringe rejoices in many names—Copeau (shavings), St. Etienne (from the place where it was originally made), Marabout, Serpolette, and Angelique, and it varies in depth from one and a half to twelve inches. It is often made up in several widths and designs with crimped silk, twisted and untwisted chenille, and a novelty called Raindrop, viz: Silk tipped with a black composition, and beaded strands, all these appearing often in one fringe. Satin drops are introduced not only on to the tips of the twisted chenille, but into the centre of the strand, where they are sometimes replaced by a ring of interplaited cord. Many of these fringes have, in lieu of a straight edge, a vandyked fall, and are made with a waterfall heading, which completely hides the foundation. They are often so arranged that, sewn on perpendicularly, they form a tufted galon; horisontally, a fringe while some are so rich and thick they appear to be fringe upon fringe, braid falling over chenille, and chenille over silk. Some of the headings, which are intended to show, are made principally of chenille, or have chenille balls on the surface, while some have medallions of bugles and cut beads.

A description of the many fringes of this kind now sold which differ in depth and in the admixture of the several component parts, would be but wearisome; we have therefore contented ourselves with the leading features. They have rarely been so rich and handsome or so deep; and at the same time those which will be most used by the public have never been offered at so cheap a rate. They are principally made in black for dresses and mantles, but many of the chenille and silk fringes in white will be used on satin dresses, and the St. Etienne fringe is sold in many of the leading colors. Netted silk fringes with a cut jet bead in each mesh are fashionable, and they are sometimes made wide enough to cover the front of the skirt. The jet used on trimmings this season is usually bright, and very often large.

Fireside Chat.

HINTS ON MODERN FURNISHING.

A FAVORITE PLAN with respect to lace or muslin curtains is to drape them across the window, crossing each other half-way up the window, rather high than low; the curtain which starts from the right-hand side is draped or fastened back at the left, and an enormous bow of silk ribbon, either crimson or blue, or whatever best harmonizes with the furniture of the room, is fastened on the curtains where they cross in the centre; others have each curtain fastened back by a somewhat smaller bow. Some ladies use curtains entirely of book muslin, instead of lace with deep plaited frills at the edges: these are pretty and economical. Lace curtains are never draped over curtain holders or raised from the ground, but are tied back with a bow. Again, when expense is no object, a border of quaint, oriental embroidery, or silk tapestry, is placed on or near the edge of lace curtains; when on the edge, a frill of lace is added to give a frill to the border, which has a very good effect. Curtains formed of strips of creamy yellow lace insertion, alternate with strips of Turkey red twill, finished with a border of lace, are very pretty and adopted by ladies, when they contrast well with the surrounding furniture; they last clean a long time, and are not more expensive than curtains entirely of lace, more expensive materials than turkey twill are employed for these insertion curtains, strips of brocade, colored silks, or even satin.

It is not considered necessary that the curtains should match the coverings of the furniture of the rooms; indeed, it is in better taste when they do not, as it affords more variety to the eye; the one great thing to be achieved is harmony in place of monotony, agreeable contrasts instead of dreary sameness. The most fashionable curtains are those that have an originality about them, whether of silk, woolen or cotton texture. Wealthy people indulge in antique brocades, and in new brocades both of oriental Chinese, Japanese, and Indian manufacture; people less wealthy invest in pretty woolen materials, with curious patterns and subdued colors; or in cretonnes, or whol -colored curtains of cotton materials, arranged with contrasting bands, one six-inch band across the top the width of the band from the edge, and a wide eighteen-inch band across the bottom about four inches from the edge and looped back with a band of same material as the trimming. If the cretonne is dark the bands are of a lighter shade, or if the curtains are light the trimming is darker; but the thing to be avoided in the way of curtains are the stereotyped plain or striped reps and damasks, with ubiquitous border to match.

Every variety of stuff is indulged in for portieres, from satin, silk, velvet to homespun, with linings from China crepe to cotton. Curtains of lace are often added and placed inside these portiere curtains, but no one possessing any idea of the fitness of things would have curtains of lace or muslin unsupported by something more substantial. Portieres are made a great feature in some drawing-rooms, and when lofty enough to admit of it, they are finished with handsome valances, hand-painted on silk, or beautifully worked in silk. Unused doors are usually draped with curtains of brocade so that the door is not visible, and for the sake of symmetry a corresponding rod and curtains are arranged at a given distance, either on the same or opposite wall, and consist of either plain breadths of brocade, or curtains with ordinary fulness.

When rooms are small an appearance of length is gained by plate glass being placed from floor to ceiling at the end of the rooms, with draperies at the top and curtains on either side. In some cases two steps covered with crimson cloth or carpet are fixed at its base. This gives the effect of an entrance to another room. Other ladies prefer to these steps placing baskets of ferns and flowering plants at its base. When glasses from floor to ceiling are thus draped and fixed in either drawing-room or on the staircase, the deception is so complete that unless the base offers a warning, very dangerous accidents are likely to occur.

A set of drawing-room chairs (uniform in make and covering), usually of walnut wood, are no longer the fancy of the hour, and the predilection is for low chairs, spring chairs, divan chairs, wooden chairs, cane chairs, Louis Quatorze chairs, Chippendale chairs, Queen Anne chairs, kitchen chairs, Windsor chairs—in fact, every description of chair. The Windsor and kitchen chairs are rendered acceptable in the drawing-room by being painted black and relieved and touched up with gold, and little cushions covered with some thick pretty material are placed on the seats. Gentlemen are rather partial to these substantial-looking chairs when not inclined for one very low, very fragile, or luxurious. Sofas, ottomans, and settees are not covered *en suite* as heretofore, except in large reception-rooms which are used for receptions only, when the family lives principally in boudoirs and morning rooms. As in the case of curtains so in the case of settees and sofas: fancy coverings are mostly preferred, whether costly or inexpensive, stuff or cretonne, dark blue with a crimson border, dark claret with a light green border, dark green with a cream and green border; but nothing incongruous in the way of coloring or covering is introduced. There is one prevailing tone, and all other colors introduced either blend well or contrast well with it. In cretonnes and chintzes for loose cases, again, the idea is variety rather than uniformity, but it is not now the custom to have all the drawing-room chairs and sofas covered in loose chintz or cretonne cases; these covers are rather put on when the family are out of town. When washing materials are used, small patterns are chosen in preference to large, full blown flowering ones, and the same remark applies to carpets, which cannot be of too obtrusive a character. Some people fancy whole colored carpets, blues or grays, or greens, without any patterns whatever.

Folding screens are a great feature in the drawing rooms of to day, they cut off the corners and fill up the angles of rooms, and form a good medium for the display of china and photographs. One of the latest fancies of the day are the bird screens: storks, wild ducks, and flamingoes are painted at the base of the screens and grasses and entangled weeds on a gold ground; on the upper part of the screens are painted smaller birds, with bright plumage; and leaves and stalks of Pampas and other long grasses are painted on one side only—the hinge side, that is to say. Other screens are painted in panels with birds, fruit and flowers; others are covered in velvets and foreign-looking fabrics or satin, with gold beading; on these screens innumerable photographs are hung, and china plates and small velvet brackets with ornaments of china. Wicker screens which are placed at the back of writing tables and other convenient spots, are also ornamented with brackets for holding flowers; sometimes these screens are covered with ivy, and have a tray for flowers.

In the arrangement of the furniture, tables are never placed in the centre of the room, but about them at convenient corners or spots. Pianos, when not grand, but have backs that require covering, do not stand with these backs against the wall, but stand the reverse way, the back facing the room across one corner of it, and many are the devices resorted to for rendering these backs pretty and ornamental. Velvet and satin, trimmed with lace, are employed for this purpose, upon which china plates, knick-knacks, and photographs are hung. Cretonne looks well arranged in this manner, with a table covered in velvet standing against it, as some ladies complain that velvet rather muffles the tone of the piano, and prefer something lighter; or a wicker or cane screen, covered with ivy, or a painted panel back. Plain cretonne, or figured China or Japanese silk are placed in the front of pianos in lieu of fluted sarsanet silk; but nothing thick enough to deaden the tone is used.

Crewel antimacassars, knitted, netted, tatted, braided and embroidered, and crocheted antimacassars are no longer considered appropriate in a fashionable drawing-room, and knowing what pleasant employment their manufacture is to young ladies, it is a sad fact to chronicle, but nevertheless it must be said. The only style of antimacassar admitted into drawing-rooms are the muslin cap antimacassars, made into box plaits, and edged with lace, which fit the back of a chair, and cannot possibly come off by accident: they are ornamented with bows of ribbon, and those of tambour lace with insertions of satin; these are also fastened on with bows.

Flowers, palms, and plants form a conspicuous part in the adornment of every drawing-room. Large flower-stands of glass, standing three feet in height, filled with grasses or flowers, form a favorite corner-piece in many drawing-rooms.

Answers to Inquirers.

HILDA, (Warco, Oregon.)—Benzine will take out grease spots from almost anything.

KATE (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Camphor is injurious to the teeth, as it softens the enamel.

R. G (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You should advertise in the newspapers for the situation you require on the terms you mention

FLOWERS, (Wanpaca, Wis.)—The passion-flower is so called because its petals are supposed to resemble the Cross and the nails.

E. N. (Galita, O.)—There is no fixed age at which a lady may be said to be an old maid; but at any rate, not before six or eight-and-thirty.

DORA, (Perry, Tenn.)—After a very careful perusal of your letter, we think that you would be risking your happiness by contracting the alliance alluded to.

ECOLIER, (Berks, Pa.)—At a dinner-party, the hostess is taken down first by the principal gentleman present. We never heard of the custom you mention.

GEORGE, (Cedar, Neb.)—The number of teeth at maturity is thirty-two, or sixteen in each jaw. The eight front ones are called cutting teeth, and the two next dog or eye teeth

STELLA, (Morgan, Ill.)—Your own good sense ought to tell you that it is improper for a young lady to receive letters from a young gentleman without the knowledge of her parents.

J. B. (Boston, Mass.)—A gentleman, in walking with a lady, should give her the wall or else the best side of the road or path. When giving her his arm, he should be on her right hand.

BESSY, (Aroostook, Me.)—The name of "Bessy" does not of itself mean anything, as it is simply a diminutive of "Elizabeth," which is of Hebrew origin, and means "the oath of God."

D. C. (Camden, N. J.)—Take a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a wineglassful of water before going to bed, to correct any acidity of the stomach which may be the cause of sleeplessness. By no means eat supper.

G. B. (Orange, Fla.)—There is no certainty about the meaning of the word selah, which frequently occurs in the Book of Psalms. Some persons suppose it to be some suggestion in a musical sense; others interpret it as a species of "Amen."

B. T. B. (Wilson, Tex.)—Pyramus and Thisbe in heathen mythology were two fond lovers who killed themselves with the same sword and their blood afterwards changed the color of the berries from the mulberry tree under which they died from white to purple.

L. S. (Osage, Kans.)—The wearing of powder in the hair, which was fashionable during the middle and latter end of the last century, originated in some royal persons growing prematurely grey and so that this defect in personal beauty might pass unnoticed, the whole of the courtiers took to discoloring nature's most beauteous ornament.

BIANCA, (Fayette, Ind.)—If the ordinary lotions have failed to cure your eyes of their weakness and the collection of humor on the lashes during the night, you should consult an oculist. Sitting up late at night is no doubt bad for the eyes. Bathing them with strong black tea, cold, may do them good. A governess is expected to know French.

LIBRETTO, (Greenville, S. C.)—Adaptations of Italian operas were first produced in England about 1691. An opera called "Pyrrhus and Demetrius" was first performed in 1716 by a mixed company of Italians and English artists, who sang each in his own language. The first opera entirely in Italian, and by Italian singers, was "Almahide," by Signor Buononcini; produced in 1760.

D. W. G. (Warren, Ill.)—1. In good society no one is looked down upon for being less accomplished than others, provided her manners are unimpeachable. 2. It is impossible for us to form an opinion how long it would take you to learn to play on the piano, since we know nothing of your taste, ear, industry in applying, nor any of those circumstances which must lead to the formation of an opinion in such a case.

ALF, (Mason, W. Va.)—If you wish to acquire a clear manner of expressing your ideas, you must learn to think—to think deeply, comprehensively powerfully; and to confine the attention closely. When you have acquired this command over the attention you will find you will be able, with a slight effort of the mind, to express your ideas on all occasions with perspicuity and precision. You can gain habits of thought only by study, and by watching the great efforts of herculean thinkers.

X. Y. (Marshall, Ill.)—If a gentleman is walking with a lady, and they meet another gentleman whom they both recognise, and the latter raises his hat to the lady, it is imperative by the laws of etiquette for the lady's companion to raise his hat also. The same rule does not apply in case the two gentlemen are not acquainted with each other. If one gentleman meets another with whom he is acquainted, and who is walking with a lady with whom he is not, it is not necessary he should raise his hat, although it is usual to do so.

STUART, (Sullivan, N. Y.)—An offer of marriage need not be in writing to become legally binding; but if an action be brought for breach of promise, evidence of some kind must be adduced to show that the promise was made. Thus the testimony of two or three credible witnesses deposing to conversations heard, or the fact that the man purchased things towards housekeeping and gave them to the woman to keep, would be corroborative evidence. In this latter case, the man could demand the things to be given up to him.

D. C. (Buchanan, Ill.)—Physicians in America continue to write their prescriptions in Latin because they imagine it to be better for their patients not to know the nature of the drugs they are taking. Many poisonous articles are used as medicines, and beneficially so in the hands of a skilful physician or surgeon; but were a nervous patient to know that he was taking them, the terror produced upon him might lead to fatal consequences. In France there is a law compelling physicians to write their prescriptions in the language of the country.

G. N. O. (Campbell, Va.)—You seem to have very inaccurate views, not only as to the value of time, but as to how you should make use of such a precious thing. Let us try to enlighten you in a few sentences, beginning with a dictum of a father to his son: "I will tell you," said he "what you and all should know on this subject: the secret of leisure is occupation." Have eight hours a day entirely devoted to business, and you will find you have time for other pursuits. Indeed, the man that is the most engaged has always the most leisure.

FRANCO (Hunterdon, N. J.)—1. The English and Allies were defeated by the French in the great battle of Fontenoy. George the Second fought in person at the battle of Dettingen. 2. It was in the reign of Edward the Third that a law was passed to restrain luxury. The prelates and nobility were thereby confined to two courses at every meal, and to two kinds of food at every course, except at great festivals. The law also forbade the laboring classes to wear their dresses embroidered in gold and silver; and to encourage the manufacture of English cloth, the use of foreign cloth was confined to the royal family alone.

H. I. N. (Bedford, Vt.)—Sir Walter Raleigh founded the first settlement in Virginia, calling it after Queen Elizabeth; and, on his return to Europe, brought with him tobacco and potatoes, which he planted on his estates near Cork. He was employed in many other public services, but not being fancied by the new Scotch Court, he was charged with being privy to a conspiracy for placing Arabella Stewart on the throne. In consequence, Sir Walter was imprisoned twelve years in the Tower; during which he wrote his "History of the World." Retiring Villiers, he obtained the command of an expedition to Guinea, but on his return was arrested at the instigation of the Spanish ambassador, for attacking a Spanish settlement, and executed under the former verdict of treason, obtained sixteen years before.

B. J. W. (Lewes, Del.)—Since 1865 the steamship Great Eastern has been exclusively devoted to submarine telegraphic purposes, and during that time has laid in various parts of the world no less that 23,000 miles of deep-sea electric cable, all of which is now in good working order. This huge vessel was alone capable of affording the accommodations required for stowing away the thousands of miles of cable necessary; and, above all, she alone was found to possess the evenness requisite for paying it out without difficulty or disaster. She has laid down submarine cables in all parts of the world. The British, Australian, China, Submarine, British Indian, and British Indian Extension, are only a few of the enterprises in which she has been engaged. She has traversed the Pacific, the Southern and Indian Oceans, as well as the Atlantic, on her errand of civilization.